

THE CRITIC IN THE OCCIDENT

GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH



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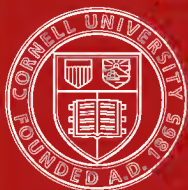
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THE CRITIC
IN THE OCCIDENT

**A Street in Pompeii,
 The Most Interest-
 ing Place in all Europe.
 This Buried Roman
 Pleasure City the
 Ashes of Vesuvius
 Have Preserved for
 Us for Two Thousand
 Years. Here is the
 Street of Abundance,
 with Pavement of
 Lava Blocks, Stepping
 Stones and a Public
 Drinking Fountain**



THE CRITIC IN THE OCCIDENT

GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH

AUTHOR OF

"COMFORT FOUND IN GOOD OLD BOOKS"

"MODERN ENGLISH BOOKS OF POWER"

"THE CRITIC IN THE ORIENT"

*As the Spanish proverb says:
"He who would bring home the
wealth of the Indies must carry the
wealth of the Indies with him." So it
is in traveling: a man must carry
knowledge with him if he would
bring home knowledge—
Boswell's Life of
Johnson*

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FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS

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TO THOSE WHO ARE ONLY ABLE
TO TRAVEL BY PROXY, THESE IMPRES-
SIONS OF EUROPE ARE DEDICATED,
WITH THE HOPE THAT THEY
MAY YIELD PLEASURE
AND PROFIT

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Introduction

LIKE "*The Critic in the Orient*," this is a record of impressions. Here will be found my impressions of the last half of a seven months' tour around the world. What other observers saw and what they thought had little influence with me, except in the case of the old masters in painting. For the pictures of those who tried to put their religious aspirations on canvas in the Renaissance of Italy, I could summon little enthusiasm. A few of these pictures had the dewy freshness that is found in the pages of old Thomas à Kempis; but the great mass of them—covering acres of the galleries of Europe—awoke no spiritual response. Yet of the great pictures I never tired, and again and again I spent hours before them until I could flash them up on that "inward eye," and thus make them a part of my mental possessions, like great poems or splendid music.

The Vatican, the Pitti and the Uffizi, the Louvre and the Luxembourg, the National, Tate and Wallace—all these have miles on miles of paintings that one never cares to see a second time; but each of these collections has a few really great pictures, which give one pleasure for the rest of his life. The famous statues of the world may be studied with some satisfaction from large photographs, but the great pictures must be seen in the originals—no copies, no photographs give any adequate idea of the spirit of the artist, that bridges all the years and speaks to the sympathetic mind like a real voice across the centuries.

The greatest things Europe had to offer me were the Parthenon, the Colosseum and the ruins of Pompeii, the tomb of Napoleon, and the statue of Cromwell in the shadow of the English Parliament buildings.

Introduction

The Parthenon represents the perfect measure, the love of beauty and the religious aspirations of the ancient Greek, the supreme expression of art and patriotism, the greatest monument ever reared to the genius of a nation.

The Roman Colosseum and Pompeii, revealing diverse traits of Roman character, reproduced for me the tread of Rome's invincible legions more perfectly than the ruins of the Forum or the tomb of Hadrian; these four summed up law, conquest, government, the building of the greatest empire the world has ever seen.

From boyhood one of my hobbies was to read everything on Napoleon; so when I stood under the dome of the Invalides and looked down on the bier of the great conqueror, surrounded by faded and shot-torn battle-flags, it seemed as though here brooded in very truth the unquenchable spirit of the man who was the foremost warrior and administrator of the modern world.

London has a powerful appeal to the American, but beyond everything else the figure of dour old Oliver Cromwell, with his iron jaw and grim unyielding mouth, dominates the imagination. It represents the unquestioning religious faith, the ingrained honesty, the passion for governing, the genius for material conquest, that has made England the greatest world-power of the last hundred years.

The discomforts, the annoyances of travel soon pass, but what the wise tourist holds fast is these great things which typify the spiritual aspirations of the various peoples. And when he returns to his own country and catches the first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty, he feels that here is the land of opportunity, which has shown the toilers of the Old World a new test of manhood, a new measure of efficiency—a refuge where a man is free to work out his own salvation, hampered by no manacles of family, caste, creed or condition.

*The Best
Fruits of Travel in
the Occident*

The Best Fruits of Travel in the Occident

IN "*The Critic in the Orient*," a companion volume to this, I have set down my impressions of the first half of a voyage around the world. That book includes sketches of Japan, Manila, Canton, Hongkong, Singapore, Rangoon, India and Egypt. In this second volume I have tried to reproduce my impressions of some of the most interesting places in Europe. Unusual cold barred me from Switzerland and Germany, but I was fortunate in seeing Italy very thoroughly, and Italy holds the same place in Europe as India in the Orient—the land richest in art, architecture and a storied past.

What you bring away with you from a tour of Europe, depends largely upon your reading. If through great writers you know intimately the history, art and architecture of a country, you will find that your travels serve mainly to stamp indelibly upon the memory many of the impressions formed from the books you have read. Even the best guide books are unsatisfactory: they give merely the skeleton of history and art which your reading must transform into flesh and blood, or you lose the best part of the fruits of travel. The wider your reading, especially of poetry and romance, the richer will be your recollections of historic places.

Americans are too apt to neglect this reading, which forms a vital part of the education of the European. Historic palaces, storied temples, famous paintings, immortal statues awake in their minds no echoes of the words of the great writers who have pictured them

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for all generations. Hence they lose that perfect blending of romance and reality, as one does who listens to a great opera of which he knows neither the words nor the story.

My plan was to prepare a schedule of the places to see in each city in the order of their interest. This schedule I followed diligently, and if time did not permit me to complete it I had the satisfaction of knowing that no place of first importance had been missed. The artistic, historical and literary shrines were those which appealed to me the most strongly. My time did not permit of a study of education, charity, civic problems and other subjects of living interest.

Most of these chapters were written on the spot, when my impressions were sharp and clear, but those on Monte Carlo and Literary Shrines of London have not appeared in print before. All the chapters have been revised and in many cases partly rewritten, as the perspective of time compels changes. The effort has been made here, as in my previous book, to give the reader at home as faithful and as vivid a picture as possible of these strange lands and peoples.

Actual contact with people works many changes in one's views. From my reading I never had any fondness for the Latin races; yet when I saw the Italians and the French at home I found in each race many fine qualities that I had missed in my study of books.

The illustrations, which I have tried to select from unhackneyed photographs, have been massed at the end of each division of the book, as it seems to me that this arrangement makes a stronger impression on the mind than the usual method of scattering them through the text. Each picture has been given a very full descriptive caption, thus adding to its interest. In every way I have labored to make this book appeal to the eye as well as to the mind.

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The trip through the Suez Canal has been included because of the strong interest of Americans in the greater canal at Panama. A comparison of these two ditches of commerce would be as futile as to compare one of the great locomotives that hauls a train over the Sierra Nevada with the crude railroad engine of thirty years ago. The towering monoliths of concrete, the tremendous Gatun locks with their massive steel gates—these are lacking at Suez, yet the Panama Canal will be fortunate if it proves financially as successful as the canal which the genius of De Lesseps made possible.

Athens is not usually included in a European tour, mainly because of the poor arrangements for travel in Greece; but one misses much who does not see this city, the fountainhead of all our literature and art. Here in Athens one's reading goes to the wall. The Parthenon has been described as often as the Sphinx, yet the sight of this noblest structure ever reared by man is something which makes all literary art seem poor and weak. Perhaps Robert Hichens, who has made the great desert of Sahara so real in "The Garden of Allah," has drawn the finest pen-picture of the Parthenon. He dwells on the fact that though it is wonderfully simple and severe, yet it produces "an overpowering impression of sublimity and grandeur." And then he adds this illuminating sentence, which sums up all that can be said of it: "It seems to me that the impression created by the Parthenon as a building is akin to that created by the Sphinx as a statue. It suggests—seems actually to send out like an atmosphere—a tremendous calm, far beyond the limits of any severity."

This calm of the ancient world—the same calm that is seen in the "Antigone" and the "Electra"—breathes from the Parthenon and the whole Acropolis of Athens. It seems as though across the centuries it carries a message to us in this age of fret and worry and stren-

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uous work, which often ends in such small achievement. It seems to say: "Look on my serene beauty, which has survived the sea-winds and the rains of over two thousand years, and take a lesson in the gospel of the sensible life. Seek beauty in art and literature, study the repose that brings real rest: so will enter into you something of those god-given traits which have made me immortal."

This message, which you get from the Parthenon, is worth all the trouble of the journey to Athens. No other place in the whole world gives you this direct word of mouth from the old Greek life, in which men walked as gods and did god-like work that remains forever matchless and forever young.

We have thrown away much of the fine spirit of the antique world in discarding the study of the classics: so we should draw from such remains as the Parthenon something of the old Greek spirit that will serve to neutralize the fierce greed for money and display which is eating out the heart of the best American virtues. The choragic monument of Lysicrates in Athens, which he set up to commemorate his victory in a musical and dramatic contest, may seem childish to the average American; yet it represents a far higher type of real achievement than the libraries given by Carnegie, or the medical laboratories founded by Rockefeller from his spoils of fifty years of fierce commercial warfare.

If the artisan of to-day could get something of the love of beauty and the desire for perfection that made the old Greek builder a real artist, then we should hear less of the war between labor and capital, and see none of that unlovely spirit of "working by the clock," which has made the name of the trades union an offense in the nostrils of all who love fair play and honest labor.

"The sunny land of France" one finds an apt title as he travels across it from Nice to Paris. The recollec-

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tion remains of long rows of slender poplars, of fruit trees trained in artistic shapes against southern walls and vines clambering over pretty trellises, of chateaus and cathedrals and farm houses, of flashing rivers spanned by noble bridges, and of roads walled by solid rock and looking as though made for all time. So one comes to Paris, which is genuinely French in its gayety, its artistic traits and its fulness of life.

Paris as it comes back to me in mental vision is always the city that one sees from the top of the great arch which Napoleon reared at the head of the Champs-Élysées to commemorate his victories. This largest arch in the world overlooks the splendid avenue that leads straight as an arrow down to the Place de la Concorde, and then on to the lesser arch, in imitation of that of Septimus Severus, to the Place de Carrousel. From this great arch radiate eleven broad avenues. Many have declared these avenues monotonous, but to me the scheme of Baron Haussmann has made Paris the most impressive city of the world.

These fine vistas for which he sacrificed all other considerations, with the Seine and its many superb bridges, make the general view of Paris one that lingers in the memory. Napoleon added to the effect by a Roman solidity and grandeur in the public buildings, arches and monuments that he reared. The Madeleine alone would serve to keep his name green. Under the dome of the Invalides his ashes rest, but his spirit lives in this noble city which he did so much to make the greatest pleasure city of the world. Its two score museums make Paris a place of delight to anyone fond of art, and its theaters, cafes and concert halls attract all in search of entertainment.

To sum up one's impressions of London in a page seems well nigh impossible, so colossal is this greatest city of the world, so varied its interest to the Ameri-

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can, so appalling its contrast between imperial luxury and abject poverty. The likeness of language and religion makes it seem like home after months in strange lands, where the spoken word is gibberish that carries no meaning. The honesty, the solidity, the very complacency of the Englishman makes a strong appeal to the American, and nowhere is this appeal put in stronger terms than in the modern Babylon, with its tremendous concentration of wealth and power and tradition.

London epitomizes for the American all English history, and this history the transatlantic tourist absorbs unconsciously, whether in the magnificent Westminster Abbey, or on top of one of the countless buses from which he may pick out the familiar names which he has known from childhood through Mother Goose, the old ballads, the histories which recount the stirring deeds in this town from the time of Norman William, and the novels of Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Bulwer, Gissing and Wells. These things are in his blood and he gets thrills at every street crossing.

At last when the traveler crosses the Atlantic and catches sight of the Statue of Liberty looming grandiose through the fog, he knows that the spirit of patriotism has not been lost in this welter of strange lands and queer people. And when that gigantic sky-line of New York skyscrapers rises huge and menacing, like a section of the Grand Canyon, he feels a thrill that nothing in Europe or the Orient was able to arouse.

Later, when riding or walking in Broadway or Fifth avenue, with their arrogant display of immense wealth thrown full in one's face, he sees that in this new land are marvels of energy, defiance of tradition, success of the impossible, limitless possibilities of growth and power. And so he goes home with a new appreciation of the size of the world, the breadth of human sympathy and the kinship of the nations.

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After your impressions of Europe have settled and clarified, you find one feature very conspicuous. This is the radically different attitude toward life of the European and the American. In every European country the ambition of men is to acquire a competence, and then to retire and enjoy life. In this country, although a man may deceive himself with the hope of getting out of harness, he seldom withdraws from active work. The American in business life or in the professions, works for the mere sake of achieving things—a spirit absolutely alien to the Old World. Most young men in Europe, who are heirs to large fortunes, simply learn how to conserve and administer their property; they seldom give any thought to increasing it, and they do as little actual work as possible. Many have intellectual hobbies, and in this way make their fortunes yield them fame.

In America, the heir of millions usually works as hard as his father's clerks, or else he spends his time and his money in dissipation. Even the large American cities have practically no leisure class. A man who wishes to live without work usually finds the atmosphere in America uncongenial; he must go to European cities to find associates in sympathy with his ideas of enjoying a life of leisure.

On my way to Greece I met a genial and learned physician from Amsterdam, who spoke excellent English and who was a genuine philosopher. In discussing national character, he defined the dominant American trait as love of work. "I spent three months in America," he said, "and everywhere I went I found professional and business men actually in love with their work. Few had any literary or scientific hobbies; few were book-lovers or read regularly the standard authors, but all were so enamored of their chosen work that they never tired of the labor of the office. In Europe a man sel-

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dom works more than he is compelled to, in order to make a comfortable living, and he always looks forward to retirement between fifty and sixty years of age. He is satisfied with a certain fixed income which permits him to enjoy the pleasures of his station. But in America every man I met had an insatiable ambition to achieve things, irrespective of the money results. Able engineers who had made large fortunes were still keen to develop new ideas and bring the great forces of nature into harness. Great railroad managers were reaching out to perfect new systems and combinations, and to increase the efficiency of labor. And so it was in every department of American life. I have two sons, and I intend when they are eighteen to send them to America for an education, at such a college as Cornell or Stanford, in order that they may absorb something of this love of work, which I regard as the great driving force that has led to American achievements in the material and scientific world."

This sums up the radical difference between the Old and the New World. We would gain enormously by absorbing the European spirit of culture and enjoyment of intellectual and artistic things; but it would be a national misfortune should this country ever lose its keen desire to achieve things, and to make life better worth living for the man who labors in the sweat of his brow.

**GREECE, THE
FOUNTAINHEAD OF ALL
ART AND LETTERS**

ADEN AT THE GATEWAY OF THE RED SEA

COLOMBO, the capital of Ceylon, is the back-door of the mysterious Orient to one who travels westward. If one sees Colombo on the voyage from Europe before he has seen India and the Malayan coast it must seem very strange, novel and distinctively Oriental; but after Singapore, Benares, Delhi and Bombay it has little to offer the tourist. The harbor is artificial, like the harbor of Bombay; it would be an open roadstead, exposed to the full fury of every storm were it not for a fine breakwater. Even with this, when the southwest monsoon blows, the waves sweep over this breakwater and made it dangerous for sampans in the inner harbor. Colombo has few public buildings that can make any pretense to architectural beauty, but it has many fine homes on Colpetty road, beyond the Galle Face Hotel, which is built on the seashore. The climate is much like that of Bombay, with steamy, enervating heat and an atmosphere that is destitute of all life. The mixture of races is as great as in Bombay, with the addition of the Cingalese. This race may be distinguished by the round tortoise-shell combs worn by the men to keep their long hair in place. The women resemble the Hindoos in dress and in their fondness for jewelry and nose rings. Much of the hard manual labor here is done by the coal-black Tamils of Southern India. The Cingalese ap-

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pear to fancy trade and the lighter occupations. The streets are full of pedlers, who are more persistent in their demands to buy than in any Indian city.

Colombo shares with Singapore the distinction of being one of the two great ports of call in the Orient. Few steamers from Europe, Australia or America pass it by. It is the door by which the European tourist enters the mysterious Orient and it is the gateway through which the traveler who has seen Japan, China, Malaysia and India passes on to Egypt and the shores of the Mediterranean.

Colombo is the greatest market for pearls, star-sapphires, star-rubies, cats'-eyes, moonstones, turquoises and other gems; but one must be a good judge of stones or these astute dealers will sell you cut-glass and other imitations. The shops are very small and most of the dealers haunt the sidewalks or the lobbies of the hotels. They waylay women and many refusals have no influence on them; they come back with the same beaming smile and the same engaging gestures.

The sea voyage from Colombo to Port Said is one of the longest in the Orient. It consumes twelve days, and there is scarcely anything to relieve the monotony of sailing every day over oily seas beneath a relentless sun. The weather is too warm for any ship games. Mental work in this climate is a great effort and it is difficult to keep one's mind on any reading except light fiction. Everyone takes a siesta after lunch; the only event of the day is dinner at seven o'clock, for which nearly all dress. Many of the men compromise with the climate by wearing black dress trousers and white waistcoat, with a curious white cotton coat, cut like a vest, with large lapels. This is the correct tropical dress suit, which may be seen from Yokohama to Cairo. The only land seen in this long voyage from Colombo to Aden is

ADEN AT GATEWAY OF THE RED SEA

the island of Socotra, one hundred and fifty miles from the African coast. It is seventy-one miles long by twenty-two miles wide. England owns the island, which might prove valuable as a naval station.

A half-day's steaming from Socotra brings the Arabian coast into view. At early morning the steamer rounds a rocky point and anchors off Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea. Aden shares with Yuma the unenviable reputation of being the hottest place in the world. The promontory of Aden is five miles long by three broad and its extremity bristles with great guns. So strongly has England fortified this natural coign of vantage, that nothing can enter or leave the Red Sea without her permission.

The Rock of Aden, the seat of the main fortifications is seventeen hundred feet high. Back of it is a crescent-shaped bay lined with stores, hotels and consulates. The most conspicuous building along shore is the Army and Navy Club, where they serve a kind of gin sour, locally known as the Perseus cocktail. It is a compound of egg, gin, vermouth and other liqueurs and it is remarkably pleasant to the palate. You look in vain for the native city of Aden, which the books say has forty-four thousand people; but this town lies about three miles from the Rock in the crater of an extinct volcano.

All round the forlorn, foreign settlement of Aden are bare, volcanic, rocky hills which reflect the sun with blinding glare. Not a green thing can be seen in these hills; the rock looks like slag from a furnace which has not yet cooled from fire.

A singular medley of races is to be seen in the native city of Aden—Arabs, Turks, Somalis and Swahilis from Africa; Egyptians, Parsees and coolies

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from India, and a sprinkling of a score of other Oriental peoples. Certainly this was the real East, for here was a constant procession of donkeys, camel carts, bearing goods to and from the mysterious desert beyond. The camel is the favorite beast of burden, although the donkey is used for short journeys. One native passed, dressed in khaki and mounted on a fleet camel, which was moving at a swinging trot and easily covering ten miles an hour. Occasionally the drivers of the two-wheeled carts were able to goad their camels into a shambling trot.

The native city stretched away for several miles, the houses all one-story structures of stone or sun-dried brick, and all a glaring white. Much of the domestic life seemed to be carried on on the flat roofs, which are surrounded by a shallow railing of stone. The small houses have clay floors, no windows and no chimneys. The smoke pours out the open doors. The people are as dirty as the low-caste Hindoos, but there were no signs of the grinding poverty of many parts of India. Only the low-class working women showed their faces; those of the better class covered the face except the eyes, while the carriages in which they rode were completely shrouded with canopies.

The Arab differs essentially from the Hindoo; he walks with a more independent stride; he has the quick, nervous movements of the Malay. Along the shore on the way to the native city we passed a large ship-yard, with a half-dozen dahabiyehs on the stocks. A score of natives were seated on the sand, sewing one of the big canvas lateen sails of these native boats. They sewed in time to a monotonous chant in which all joined. One enterprising youngster left the working group and ran after our carriage, shouting: "Salaam, Sahibs! Bakshish! Bak-

ADEN AT GATEWAY OF THE RED SEA

shish!" at the same time rubbing his stomach to indicate that he was hungry. This ship-yard is the property of the richest native of Aden, a Parsee from Bombay, who came here thirty years ago and began life as a clerk in a small store.

The trade of Aden is in ostrich feathers, coffee, dates and salt. Across the gulf seven miles away, is a flourishing city, Sheik Othman, and near it may be seen huge piles of glistening salt. Here are arranged a series of salt pans, cut out of solid rock. The sea water is pumped into these pans and then evaporated by the powerful sun. The country back of Sheik Othman is said to be very fertile and to produce large crops of maize, sorghum, dates, cotton and other products. This country is not safe for the European traveler, as any party is sure to be robbed unless it has the protection of a native chief. The British captured Aden from the Arabs in 1839, but it was thirty years later before they secured immunity from attacks by the desert tribe known as Fadhli. This peace they did not gain by force of arms, but by payment of money to the influential sheiks who control the savage tribesmen.

England keeps a strong garrison at Aden, but the stay of Tommy Atkins is usually limited to two years. Everything is done to secure the comfort of the troops and officials who are billeted in this desolate corner of Arabia. The houses are massively built, with double roofs and wide verandas. One of the best sites is occupied by the quarters of the cable and telegraph staff. These men have a fine messroom, with a spacious piazza that overlooks the gulf. They are on duty for shifts of four hours, but it is found necessary to change them often because of the debilitating effect of the monotonous life. The climate is dry and hot, a much better

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climate than that of Bombay or Colombo; but the uneventful life is difficult to endure philosophically. Aden is visited by about sixteen hundred and fifty steamers yearly, but their stay is so short that in many cases passengers cannot venture on shore. The sea trade of the port amounts to \$1,280,000 a year. The chief traffic with tourists is in ostrich feathers, which are sold as plumes or made up in fans. A good plume which costs twenty dollars in any American city, may be purchased here for five dollars, and fair plumes may be secured for two dollars. Good bargains may be made when the steamer is about to sail, for the Arabs who come aboard seem averse to taking ashore any goods.

STEAMING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL

THE passage through the Suez Canal, which many travelers find tedious because of the intense heat, proved entertaining for the passengers on the North German Lloyd steamer, Princess Alice. The warmth of the sun was tempered by a cool breeze, and the vessel's slow progress was not resented as it would have been had the sun blazed down on the glittering sands. The approach to the canal is not impressive. The old Arabian town of Suez, at the entrance of the canal, was converted into a busy city of nearly twenty thousand people in a few years, but with the completion of the big ditch the importance of the place declined. It has fine docks, but its trade is now inconsiderable. Seen from the sea, it is picturesque, but only with a glass can one make out the entrance of the canal. The remarkable spectacle may be seen of steamers, apparently a half-mile inland, moving slowly through great stretches of shining sand. These are vessels which are entering or leaving the canal. Soon your own steamer is abreast of the entrance. Then the speed is suddenly reduced to about six miles an hour and the big vessel enters the canal. Even at this slow speed the wash of the steamer carries dirt from the Arabian side into the canal; so if run at full speed a single large steamer would cause damage which it would take many days to repair.

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The first thing that impresses the visitor is that though the canal has been opened for over forty years, it is still uncompleted. The Egyptian side of the canal is well lined with stone for many miles, but the Arabian side is not finished in this way. For a few miles the shore is protected by a neat stone wall; then the mere bank is seen, with devices for preventing the mud and sand from falling into the canal. At various points, hundreds of workmen are engaged on the Arabian side in widening the canal, which varies in width from two hundred and thirty to three hundred and sixty feet, with a uniform width at the bottom of one hundred and twenty-eight feet. The canal throughout is now thirty-one feet deep, which allows vessels drawing twenty-eight feet to go through. At regular intervals are stations, with wide places for the passage of large steamers. As the canal is ninety-nine miles long the passage occupies from fifteen to twenty-two hours. It is a singular fact that only on large passenger steamers can one see anything of the desert on either side of the canal. From the deck of a small steamer the passenger can see only the sides of the canal. On a big steamer, on the other hand, by standing midway of the after deck, only the land on each side can be seen; the vessel seems to be plowing her slow way through great seas of white sand, unrelieved by trees or rocks.

At Suez is a bust of Ferdinand de Lesseps and at Port Said is a colossal statue of the man who joined the Mediterranean and the Red Seas. That is about all which this typical French promoter of his time has saved from the wreck of his fortune and his reputation. It is almost like a fairy tale or a story from the Arabian Nights, this romance of the young French diplomatic agent who dreamed

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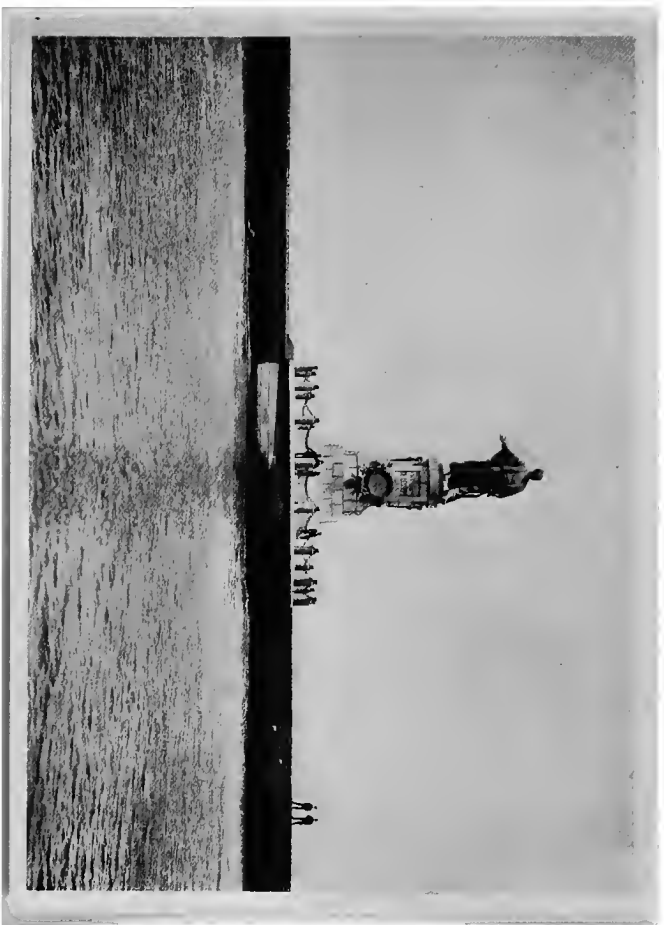
for years of the uniting of these two great seas and who was finally able to carry out his project through the enthusiasm and lavishness of the Khedive, Ismail Pasha. Criminal extravagance marked the cutting of this canal and this waste Ismail had to pay for. The canal cost fifteen million dollars more than De Lesseps' estimates and this deficit Ismail was called upon to make up. To do this, he was forced to sacrifice his own fortune and to mortgage the revenues of Egypt for such a large sum that the country was hopelessly involved. The result was his own deposition from power and the transfer of the control of Egypt to one of the greatest English administrators of his age—Sir Evelyn Baring, now the Earl of Cromer. In this wreck that followed the prodigal waste of Ismail and De Lesseps, the French Government was also involved, for Disraeli, by a shrewd move at the opportune moment, bought up Ismail's canal shares and this gave to England the practical control of the canal.

The digging of the Suez Canal was carried on in a primitive way compared with the work that has been going on for several years on the Panama Canal. At the outset twenty-five thousand Arab workmen dug up the soil with clumsy tools and carried it in baskets on their heads, precisely as they do to-day in Arabia or Egypt. Some labor-saving devices were introduced before the completion of the work, but during all these ten years of construction progress was slow. With the tremendous engines used at Panama, the Suez Canal could have been dug in three or four years. Even to-day native laborers along the line of the Suez Canal may be seen working with tools that have been handed down for generations. Tramways have been built and cars are used for getting rid of the excavated

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soil; but the Arab potters along in the hot sun and does about as much work as a ten-year-old American boy. He rests on the handle of his heavy shovel and inspects each steamer that passes. He shouts Arabic at the intruder and if an inspector is not in sight he will run along the edge of the canal and beg for anything which the passengers may see fit to throw to him. Several of these Arabs created much diversion by fishing from the canal the old pith helmets, oranges and other articles which were thrown to them from the ship. One fellow, who wore an American army blouse over his Arab dress, retrieved a helmet from the water, put it on and strutted proudly along the bank, the envy of all his companions.

All day the big German steamer moved slowly through the canal. The passengers lined the rails during the early hours, for every few yards brought surprises in the way of novel scenes and incidents. In the first place, it was plain that on both sides of the canal the country was a literal desert. Californians who know the Mojave and Colorado deserts abounding with cactus, mesquit and other plant life, must revise their ideas of a desert when looking out upon the banks of this canal. Here, stretching away to the purple mountains in the dim distance, are vast plains of white sand, with only an occasional bit of green to relieve the deadly monotony. These green patches are oases, due to the presence of water. The largest is near Port Said and is known as the Wells of Moses. The water of some of these wells is very bitter, but the moisture has converted a strip of desert sand into a garden, with fields of green grass, orchards and vineyards. The true Oriental aspect is given to this oasis by groves of date palms, whose feathery tops wave in the light breeze.



Statue of Ferdinand
de Lesseps, at the
End of the Jetty at
Port Said. De Lesseps
Was a Great Pro-
moter, not an Engineer,
and he Lost the For-
tune and the Pres-
tige Won Through the
Suez Canal in his
Disastrous Panama
Scheme

STEAMING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL

These wells are of historical interest as they served as a resting place for the children of Israel and the bitter waters Moses made sweet by the use of a desert shrub.

Across the wastes of sand that line the canal on either side were seen at intervals small parties of Bedouins with camels and tents. Some were on the march, the women huddled high up on the camels, while the men walked, urging on the tired animals. Others were camped by the wayside, the black tents showing out in strong relief against the glittering sand; the camels lying down, and small flocks of goats or sheep browsing around. Here for the first time we saw the typical nomads of the desert, with their tall, gaunt frames, covered with dirty, black cloaks. The Arab wears clothes that impede his work. Instead of trousers he has a long, loose dress of white or blue cotton that interferes with every movement of his body, and he adds to this a long, black cloak, with cloth enough in it to make several American overcoats. Even the laborers on the canal wear blue cotton dresses, reaching nearly to their heels. The Arabs, men and women, squat in the sand, and if their faces and dress are any index, they seldom know the luxury of a bath. The children are numerous, but, unlike those of Japan and India, they are seldom naked. A shirt of dirty white or black reaching to the knee appears to be the favorite garment of children of both sexes under ten years of age.

The camel fits into this desert picture as perfectly as his Arab driver. The ungainly animal is usually of a dirty yellow, so that at a little distance it is impossible to distinguish him from the desert sands. He moves at a slow walk and his long stride makes this a very uncomfortable motion for his rider. Occasionally one sees the genuine riding

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dromedary, which moves at a rapid trot and covers great distances with small fatigue to the rider. All along the Arabian side of the canal camels were seen browsing on the small shrubs that grow in sheltered spots or cropping the grass that marks an occasional spring or small water course. With the naked eye these camels could not be seen, but a strong glass brought them up against their neutral-tinted background. An occasional coyote also slunk along, his coat the very tint of the desert sand. The Bedouins, however, were conspicuous at great distances because of their wide-flowing, black garments and their white turbans. In their walk, their gestures and their faces, they presented a great contrast to the low caste Hindoos and Mohammedans of India. The Arab has a fine, stately stride; he carries himself like a soldier, and his face bears out the martial illusion, as it is full of pride and intelligence.

It is of interest to American readers, in view of the Panama Canal, to know that the Suez Canal pays large dividends on the stock. The tariff is one dollar and seventy cents per ton register and two dollars for every passenger. The result is that a big steamer like the Princess Alice paid twelve thousand five hundred dollars in tolls for one passage. The day she steamed through the canal was evidently good for business as a blue funnel line freight steamer preceded us and three other steamers followed closely in our wake. As there are no locks and no sharp curves navigation goes on by night as well as by day, a huge searchlight being rigged up in the bow, which throws a flood of light across the entire canal. It was a fine spectacle to see this cone of brilliant light moving in advance of the steamer—a modern pillar of fire such as that which led the Israelites of old.

SAILING AMONG THE HISTORIC ISLES OF GREECE

FAILURE to change my ticket forced me to go to Naples before proceeding to Athens. The journey from Naples to Brindisi was saved from monotony by the fine mountain scenery, but it was tedious because of the slowness of the train and the prejudice of the Italians against any fresh air in the coaches. The Italian is usually of robust build; he looks the picture of health; but if you open a window in one end of a compartment he will detect a draft at once and will appeal to the guard to have the fresh air cut off. The feature of this journey was the sight of a half-dozen towns perched high on the summits of almost inaccessible mountains. These were relics of the days before the discovery of gun-powder, when such strongholds could be defended successfully by a mere handful of men against an army of invaders.

Brindisi, the ancient Brundisium of the Romans and the southern terminus of the Appian Way, is one of the least interesting of Italian cities. In our day it is known mainly as the point of transit from the P. and O. steamers to the through fast trains which whirl the traveler from India across the continent of Europe to Calais and the Channel steamers.

The voyage from Brindisi to Patras is through historic waters. A stop was made at Corfu, a famous winter resort on an island off the Albanian

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coast. The houses are built on a rocky rampart which encircles a spacious bay; two ancient Venetian fortresses lend a touch of romance to the city. The streets are narrow and crooked and the houses lofty. Some old Venetian palaces remain to give an idea of former splendor, but the town shows the impress of the British administrators, who dominated the island for nearly a half century. They built a broad esplanade which lines the massive seawall and they made good roads throughout the island.

The surrounding country is famous for its olive groves and a drive of several miles takes one to the villa of Achilleon, built for the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, but now the property of the German Kaiser. The road to this villa runs through a rich farming country and is lined with groves of ancient, gnarled olive trees, with trunks from two to three feet in diameter. The men of Corfu appear to lead leisurely lives; only the women and the donkeys labor early and late. On the return from market the man rides the family donkey, while his wife trudges behind barefoot over the muddy roads.

The German Emperor showed good judgment in selecting Corfu as a place for spending the spring months, for even in midwinter the air is mild, the sea calm and all nature seems at rest—a genuine lotus-eating land. The Emperor's villa boasts some good statuary, including a heroic figure of Achilles and replicas of many famous Greek and Roman statues, among which are the two boxers from Herculaneum. From a terrace in front of the statue of Achilles, one has a noble view of the bay of Corfu and the Aegean sea, every island and every headland being historic ground.

The villa grounds are terraced and by a winding pathway one may descend to the water's edge

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through groves of semi-tropical trees and flowering plants brought from the four quarters of the globe. Near the water is the tomb of the unfortunate Empress, surmounted by a beautiful marble statue. The villa, which crowns the highest point of the grounds, boasts some good statuary, but the paintings, and especially the mural decorations, are so atrociously bad that the wonder is that the Emperor can endure them. Probably he tolerates them because they are the work of German artists.

Not far from Corfu is the island where Odysseus was cast ashore and had some pleasant parley with the beautiful Greek maiden, Nausicaa, who showed the wanderer her skill in playing ball.

As the steamer departs Corfu is lit up by the setting sun, its picturesque houses glowing in the rosy light. Soon we are in the Ionian Sea. All around is historic ground. On the Epirote coast lies Actium, where Antony was defeated by Octavian, while on the other side is the bold headland, the Leucadian Rock, from which passionate Sappho cast herself because her love for Phaon was not returned. To the east is Ithaca, the home of the much-traveled Ulysses, and farther on at the entrance to the bay of Patras, Don John of Austria destroyed the Turkish fleet at the famous battle of Lepanto.

Soon we neared the northwest point of the Peloponnesus, beyond which is Missolonghi, famous as the place where Lord Byron caught the fever and died in 1824, just as he had thrown himself with all the ardor of his nature into the Greek revolt against Turkish rule. It is curious how this most creditable episode in the life of Byron colors one's view of this scene. The personality of this erratic man of genius is stronger than all the history which forms the background of this bit of old Greece.

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We see from his letters that he knew he was facing grave danger in staying at fever-infested Missolonghi, but he wrote: "It is proper that I should remain in Greece; and it were better to die doing something than nothing." Byron's last letters, as well as those which he wrote in the heyday of his fame, are remarkably good reading, but the world ignores them now, for few editions of his poems include even a selection of these brilliant and witty epistles.

Patras is simply a commonplace, commercial town, but the railroad ride from Patras to Athens is one of the most beautiful and varied in all Europe. The train first passes through miles of vineyard—carefully cultivated plantations of the small, seedless grapes whose dried product is known as the Zante currant. Grape vines are pruned low as in California, and the only support for the vine is a short stake. The railroad skirts the shore of the Gulf of Corinth, which is as blue as the bay of Monterey. Across the water are piled the pink and violet mountains that remind one, in contour and color, of the Coast Range of California. In fact, everywhere in this old, historic land of Greece one is reminded of the brand new California—the same rugged coast line, the same contour of the hills, the same wonderful shades of sea and sky and far-off mysterious mountains. The yellow sand of little beaches meets the exquisite turquoise-colored sea, just as it does at Carmel, and here one may look down on the many shades of violet and purple, formed by floating seaweed, precisely as one may from the old Spanish mission church where Father Junipero Serra lies at rest.

Finally the train nears Corinth. There, on a hillside, is the place where St. Paul lived for eigh-

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teen months, laboring six days every week as a tent-maker. Here is the picture given of him in the Bible:

And he reasoned in the synagogue and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks.

And when Silas and Timotheus were come from Macedonia Paul was pressed in the spirit, and testified to the Jews that Jesus was Christ.

And when they opposed themselves and blasphemed, he shook his raiment, and said unto them: Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean; henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles.

While your imagination is filled with this picture of the ablest of the Apostles, your eye is offended by the crude, ugly work of the Corinth Canal, lying two hundred feet below the train. This canal cuts the Isthmus of Corinth and has been a great help to commerce, but it ruins the picturesqueness of the coast. Beyond the isthmus the train runs along the Gulf of Aegina, of vivid, wonderful blue, with a background of mountain wall, and with many islands to lend beauty to the view. One of these islands is the historic Salamis, where the three thousand Persian ships of Xerxes were scattered and sunk by three hundred ships filled with fighting Greeks, just as in recent years the great navy of Russia was hammered and destroyed by Admiral Togo and his fierce Japanese sea-fighters.

Soon we see rising straight ahead a gleaming summit, the Acropolis of Athens, the fountain head of all our art, the mecca of the pilgrimage of every lover of the noblest poetry and the finest sculpture the world has ever known.

THE ACROPOLIS AND THE PARTHENON OF ATHENS

ON all sides in Athens is historic ground, for here was developed not only the finest literature, sculpture and architecture that the world has yet known, but here also a small but brave people defeated great armies from Persia and celebrated their victory by erecting temples and statues that even in their ruins still make a powerful appeal to all lovers of the beautiful. What led to this sudden flowering of the genius of a people like the Greeks no one may say, nor has the world discovered the causes of the rapid deterioration of this nation. The few remaining relics of the statues and buildings of the ancient Greeks thrill one's heart, so perfect are they and so thoroughly do they satisfy the eye. Simple in design, unapproached in perfection of workmanship, they stand to-day as specimens of what may be wrought by the highest artistic genius. And yet with all our scientific discoveries and our superior command of the resources of the builder's art, we are unable to reproduce the perfect lines of the capitals and columns of the Parthenon or to equal the beauty of the caryatides of the Erechtheum. The Acropolis is the despair of the modern sculptor and architect, for they recognize that these Greeks of the days of Phidias and Praxiteles had a mastery of the resources of their art which no modern sculptor or builder has ever gained.

THE ACROPOLIS AND THE PARTHENON

Athens impresses the stranger with the clearness of its air, the beauty of its encircling snow-capped mountains, and the picturesqueness of its three hills, Mount Hymettus, the Lykobettos and the Acropolis. We arrived after dark and it was on a gloomy winter morning that we obtained our first view of the city. The summit of Hymettus was hidden by low-lying rain clouds; the snow-clad peak of Parnassus was only faintly visible through a veil of mist and cloud; but the striking solitary butte of Lykobettos stood out like a sentinel, and when we had walked a few blocks from our hotel we suddenly came upon the Acropolis, looming dark and menacing against the stormy western sky and the Aegean Sea beyond. Richard Philipp, a well-known architect of Milwaukee, accompanied me from Naples to Athens, and with his expert guidance and his explanations of the fine features of the immortal Greek structures on the Acropolis, my visit proved to be of great interest. For years I had read books about Greek art and studied photographs of the Parthenon and the other famous buildings erected in the golden age of Greece. But the actual sight of these splendid structures, even in their melancholy ruin, was a pleasure worth going half way around the world to enjoy.

The first sight of the Parthenon is something to be remembered for one's natural life. Familiar as photography has made the front of this noblest structure ever reared by man, the temple somehow strikes you as more massive, more beautiful, than any picture. It realizes your expectations; it satisfies the eye as does the lovely Taj Mahal of Agra; but it far surpasses that perfect tomb erected by old Shah Jahan to the memory of his beloved Queen, because in the Parthenon we have the majesty and

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the sublimity of the great temple added to the rarest skill in architecture.

Set upon a natural rocky plateau, five hundred and twelve feet above the level of Athens, facing the rising sun which gilds its pale yellow front, the Parthenon is an impressive spectacle from whatever point one may view it. I saw it under many conditions, but never found it other than beautiful, majestic, and full of that divine calm which marked the gods of Olympus. It is best seen under the brilliant morning sunshine, which makes its age-worn marbles glow with the rich amber tint of Karnak or Luxor. It is the atmosphere of profound calm, not of this world, which most deeply impresses the sympathetic observer—something of the same effect produced by the *Antigone* or the *Medea* when seen on the stage. The more primitive one's nature, the less sophisticated by fashion or worldly custom, the greater will be the effect on the emotions of this finest masterpiece of Greek art. Words are poor to describe what one feels when lost in contemplation of this splendid temple which represented the blending of the Greek's passionate love of country with his equally passionate love of beauty and measure in art. To see it now, even in its melancholy ruin, is to feel something of the thrill which moved these old Greeks when they beheld, after long absence, this visible sign of the greatness of Athens. To be a Roman citizen in the days when the great empire of the Cæsars reached from the Tiber to the farthest confines of the known world, was something which the modern man cannot know; but it seems to me that to be an Athenian in the days of Pericles and Phidias was something finer and more satisfying. Only one age in the modern world has approached this flowering

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time of Greek art and literature, and that was the age of Elizabeth, which gave the world Shakespeare, Marlowe, Ben Jonson and Bacon.

The Parthenon typifies the highest mark in art and letters ever reached by the genius of man. Hence this sense of the profound calm of the gods which still breathes from these stones, making the blood glow and the eyes fill as one feels again, after all these eventful years, the emotions that stirred these great artists and builders in the splendid noon of Greek history.

Seen from a little distance the ravages of time and vandalism are obscured; then it seems a nearly perfect building. But, when seen nearby, the terrible havoc wrought by the explosion of a Venetian powder magazine in the seventeenth century is sadly apparent. As you approach the Acropolis you realize what a natural fortress this was before the discovery of gunpowder. The rocky walls have been cut down sheer to the bottom. On the south side are the Greek theater of Dionysius and the Roman theater, built by Herodes Atticus and completed by Hadrian. These are built into the side of the hill, so that the audiences sat with their backs to the Acropolis.

The Theater of Dionysius is noteworthy as the place in which were produced for the first time the great tragedies of Sophocles, Euripides and Aeschylus and the comedies of Aristophanes. In those days a special stage was erected for each performance, while the audience sat on the hillside. The Romans paved the orchestra with marble and made comfortable seats. The Roman theater on the other side had an imposing front of three stories, built of brown limestone, and had seating capacity for five thousand. These seats were faced with marble.

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The Acropolis was a natural fort, which could be scaled only on the western side, where the main gateway was flanked by two towers, strongly fortified. From this gate marble steps led to the Propylea or main gateway, consisting of a central doorway and two wings, all built of the finest Pentelic marble. The Doric columns of the Propylea are very massive, but they are relieved by slenderer Ionic columns twenty feet high. The doorway was of black marble and back of it may still be seen the grooves on which the huge wooden doors swung. On a bastion at the right of the Propylea is a small but very beautiful Temple of Nike, built about 440 B. C. It was adorned with a sculptured frieze eighty-five feet long and eighteen inches high.

Passing through the Propylea the eye is caught by the beautiful and graceful Erechtheum on the left, and the stately and majestic Parthenon on the right. In the old Greek days the center of this open space between the gateway and the two temples was occupied by the colossal bronze statue of Athena, modeled by Phidias and erected with the spoils taken from the Persians at Marathon.

The Parthenon was built on the south side of the Acropolis with its front facing the east. It is familiar in its outlines to every American school child, but no amount of familiarity with pictures or photographs of the building prepares one for its tremendous effect upon the beholder. Here is a temple designed on simple lines, but so massive and yet so perfect in every detail that it has the same effect on the eye as a great work of nature like El Capitan at the entrance of the Yosemite Valley. When first erected it was of pure white Pentelic marble, but the action of the elements for twenty-four hundred years has stained many of the columns

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to a rich brown shade known among painters as burnt umber, while others are of the tint of honey or amber. This great temple was built on purely Greek lines. It originally included ninety-eight Doric columns, forty-six of which were thirty-four feet high and the others a foot less in height; fifty life-size pieces of sculpture for the pediments at each end; ninety-two metopes or smaller figures; a frieze five hundred and twenty-four feet long and a colossal statue of Athena in gold and ivory forty-three feet high.

This temple was erected by Pericles, while Phidias, finest of Greek sculptors, had entire charge of its ornamentation. Great as Phidias was no masterpiece of his remains to the world. All we know is that he designed the colossal statue of Athena and that he planned the frieze and the metopes and the other statues that made the Acropolis the pride of every Greek. His pupils and his workmen must have shared in his enthusiasm, for every detail of ornamentation of bases or capitals shows artistic work which the Romans never equaled.

It is a great help in appreciating the Parthenon to have as a companion an architect who has made a technical study of Greek art, for he is able to point out the perfect work of these old craftsmen. The lines of the Doric bases are all absolutely true; the decorative work is simple but extremely effective, and the devices for correcting the natural vision are so ingenious that no modern artist has been able to equal them. The Greeks knew that the lines of a column must not be absolutely perpendicular or the column will look as though it leaned outward; hence they made all their columns lean inward, so that the optical illusion is maintained. Yet the amount of this divergence and the arrangement of

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it throughout the column is the despair of the modern architect. Experts have also discovered that the great Doric columns of the Parthenon were put in place by sections and that the fluting of these columns was then carved. As this fluting is perfectly accurate here also is a task that would test the skill of the best modern workmen.

In the museum in Athens is a plaster reproduction of what the best authorities regard as the groups of statuary that adorned the front and rear pediment of the Parthenon. This space or tympanum was ninety-one and a half feet long by ten and a half feet in height in the center, and the back being painted red, this brought out the marble figures in the strongest relief. The front was devoted to the birth of Athena, while the other depicted the triumph of Athena over Poseidon, the god of ocean, in their battle for possession of Attica.

The finest sculptures of the Parthenon were the metopes or life-sized figures, most of which were bought in 1802 by Lord Elgin, then Minister at Athens, and transported to the British Museum in London, where they now form its most valued possession. The frieze of the Parthenon contained the finest Greek work in bas-relief. In the Acropolis Museum are twenty-two slabs from the frieze which depict the festal procession in honor of Athena, which was held every four years in Athens.

Below the Parthenon, to the left, are the ruins of the Erechtheum, a smaller temple of the goddess Athena Pallas and other deities, more beautiful but less impressive than the great temple. The features of this temple are the graceful Ionic columns, the superb northern doorway, and the colonnade of the Caryatides. In the latter, instead of columns, six statues of maidens support the roof. These fig-



**The Portico of the Erechtheum or Temple of Pallas Athena
at Athens, Showing the Portico Upheld by Caryatides. These
Figures of Women are Among the Best Remains of Greek
Art of the Age of Phidias. The Dark One is of
Plaster, as the Original is in the Elgin
Collection in the British Museum**

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ures have all the easy grace of an Oriental woman carrying a water jar on her head, while at the same time they seem to be instinct with the dignity and force of Greek goddesses. If ever triumphant womanhood was wrought in marble, here it is. One feels that these are women, "divinely planned," with almost the strength of men, yet with that mysterious appeal of sex which removes them from the austere heights of Pallas Athena. These are women who have no ailments, no nerves; ideal companions for men who love the strenuous life.

The north door is approached through six columns that are beautifully decorated. This little temple gives an extraordinary impression of grace and lightness, which furnishes a striking contrast to the strength and massiveness of the Parthenon. It seems strange that with all this wealth of art work in marble the Greeks should have demanded color in the decoration of the Parthenon and its statues; yet we have in the remains found on the Acropolis and in the records of ancient writers not only ample proof that the temples were brilliantly colored, but that even the statuary was painted.

All the art work on the Acropolis appears to have been done by sculptors and minor craftsmen who were thoroughly in love with their task. In our own day in the Chicago Fair we had a good illustration of the effect of giving able artists a free hand in the designing and decoration of the exposition buildings. Good experts pronounced the Agricultural building at Chicago, designed by McKim, the finest structure of modern times. Something of this same spirit of generous rivalry must have existed among the pupils and the workmen of Phidias and the architects of the Parthenon, for in every minute detail this Greek temple reveals the height of skill

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in design and carving. That all this work was accomplished in ten years shows that the workmen of the time of Phidias had not absorbed the modern trade union idea that the mechanic should do the least amount of work possible in an eight-hour day.

It would have come down to modern times practically uninjured had it not been for the vandalism of the Venetians, who in the seventeenth century used the building for storing their powder. During a Turkish attack on the Acropolis a shell was dropped into this powder and the resulting explosion destroyed much of the Parthenon. In the work of restoration good sculptors should be employed, as much work done in recent years offends the eye, so inferior is it to the old Greek carving.

In the Acropolis Museum as well as in the National Archæological Museum in Athens one may get a good idea of the perfection of the work of the antique sculptors. The drapery of the female figures from the Parthenon clings to the limbs yet reveals their rounded forms, as in life. Nothing more strongly marks the difference between Greek and Roman art than the method of handling the drapery of the female costume. To the Greeks it seemed a simple task to reproduce in marble the very effects seen in everyday life; to the Romans this work was beyond their power.

REMAINS OF ANCIENT ART IN ATHENS

THE Acropolis Museum is disappointing because so many of the exhibits are in a fragmentary condition. Legs and arms and torsos abound, but it requires much imagination to reconstruct the perfect figures from these remains. Perhaps the most satisfactory work may be found in bas-relief, for here the vandalism of time has had less opportunity to destroy the perfect lines of the original figures. Of this work the Parthenon frieze is the most interesting, as it reveals the simplicity of the method of these Greek sculptors and the wonderful effects that they secured. Some of the figures of Nike or Victory are rarely beautiful in outline and expression, especially the one so often reproduced, the Nike loosening her sandal.

In the National Archæological Museum are scores of statues and other work gathered from many parts of Greece. It is to be regretted that the Greek government has adopted the parochial plan of permitting all the remains exhumed to stay in the places where they are discovered. In this way small and remote towns each possess some perfect work of ancient Greek art which is never seen except by enthusiasts who can afford the time to visit it. If these statues were removed to Athens, then the great body of tourists would be able to enjoy them. Another curious rule is that which has en-

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forced labeling of all exhibits in Greek alone. As nine-tenths of the visitors are foreigners who understand no Greek, the absurdity of this method is apparent.

Below the Acropolis is the Hill of Mars, on which St. Paul stood when he preached to the Athenians warning them that they were too superstitious and that the altar to the Unknown God should have been erected to the "Lord of heaven and earth" who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Nearby is a cave in the hillside which is said to be the one in which Socrates was confined before he was made to drink the hemlock.

One of the notable Roman remains in Athens is the Arch of Hadrian, that divides the city of Theseus from the city of Hadrian. It is of two stories, with a noble sweep of arch and a light and graceful upper structure. It somehow suggests the mingled strength and culture of this old Roman Emperor who left enduring traces of his presence from one end of the great empire to the other.

Nearby is the Byzantine church of Kahnikarea, which is a beautiful specimen of the best architecture. It was erected in the ninth century on foundations laid in the fifth century after Christ. No attempt has been made to modernize this church and the result is a perfect specimen of Byzantine architecture.

Athens is full of the remains of Greek art, some of it fully equal to that found on the Acropolis. One is the monument of Lysikrates, erected by a winner in the Dionysian games. It looks like a small round temple and its main feature is a circle of six Corinthian half-columns, supporting a richly sculptured frieze and a conical roof of a single slab of marble. The bronze tripod won by the victor once surmounted the roof. Even in its ruin this monument is beautiful in its symmetry and perfection of form.

REMAINS OF ANCIENT ART IN ATHENS

Of all the old Greek buildings in Athens the best preserved is the Theseion, with its thirty-four Doric columns, eighteen feet high. The columns are all perfect, and the building gives a better idea of the Greek temple than the Parthenon, although the artistic work on it is much inferior to that of the great temple on the Acropolis.

All around the base of the Acropolis sprawls the old city of Athens, with houses that remind one of the adobe huts of Cairo. The streets are narrow and crooked and the lives of the Greeks in this quarter is as squalid as that of the Egyptians on the Nile. The new Athens, however, with its wide avenues and its fine, modern houses, has no trace of the picturesqueness of the old town, but it is healthy and fairly clean. Very modern also is the huge Stadion, erected on the site of the Panthe-næan games, which will hold fifty thousand spectators.

Anyone who loves Greek art and Greek poetry will find Athens full of interest, because on every side are places that recall notable events in Greek history or the great works of the Greek sculptors and poets. From descriptions of world-famous buildings or statues it is difficult to imagine the real work; what one gets at Athens is actual contact with all that is best in Greek art. These remains are badly mutilated, but enough has survived to prove that the Greeks who flourished in the fourth century before Christ were unsurpassed in their control of the resources of all the arts.

Many travelers find Athens disappointing because it has so few remains of the old Greek art and because the noisy modern city distracts their attention from the city of Pericles and Phidias and Plato. But if one only keeps in mind what Athens repre-

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sents he will be able to get rich returns from a visit to this Hellenic mother of all art and literature. And in summing up what Athens and the Parthenon represent no one has ever put the world's debt to this Greek shrine in more eloquent language than Macaulay in this concluding passage of his review of Mitford's *History of Greece*:

All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumph of Athens.

Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling; by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney.

Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears and ache for the dark house and the long sleep—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.



PLATE I
The Large Arab City
Back of Aden,
Which Shows Char-
acteristic Moorish
Architecture.
The Sidewalks are all
Arcaded and much
of the Family
Life after Nightfall
is Spent on the
Roofs

PLATE II
A Steamer Passing One
of the Picturesque
Stations Along the
Suez Canal. These
Stations are Arranged
at Regular Intervals
and are in Charge
of Inspectors



PLATE III
Eastern Entrance to the
Canal at Suez — It
is Shown in the
Middle of the Picture,
with a Vessel About
to Enter the
Canal



PLATE IV

The City and Harbor
of Corfu, One of
the Most Beautiful
of the Ionian Islands
and a Popular European
Winter Resort. Corfu
was Much Improved
by the English,
Who Finally Gave It
Up to Greece. Lately
It Has Become a
Popular Winter Re-
sort for Germans

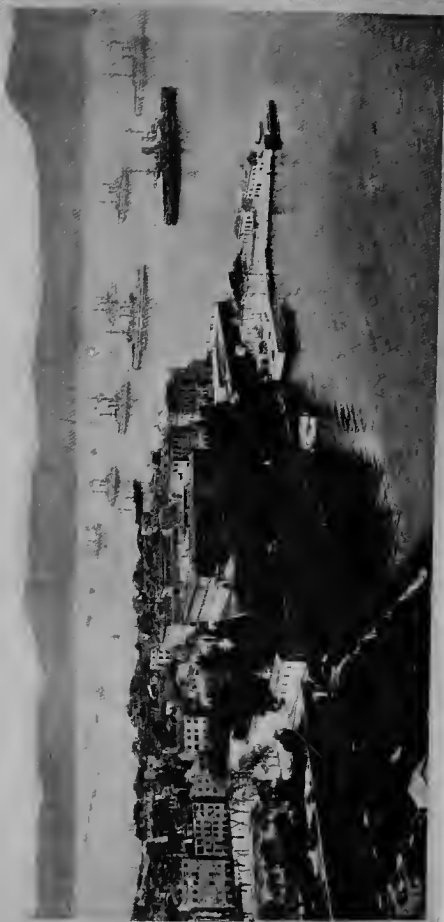




PLATE V
One of the Pretty
Walks in the Grounds
of the Achilleon,
near Corfu, Formerly
the Winter Home of
the Empress Elizabeth of
Austria, now Owned
by Emperor William
of Germany. The
Grave of the Unfor-
tunate Empress, Mark-
ed by a Fine Statue,
is in the Grounds
of the Villa

PLATE VI
 The Main Facade of
 the Parthenon as One
 Approaches It from
 the Entrance of the
 Acropolis. At the Left
 May be Seen the
 Great Gap Made by
 the Venetian Powder
 Explosion in the
 Seventeenth
 Century





PLATE VII
General View
of Athens With the
Entrance to the Great
Stadium in the
Foreground. The Hill
in the Center of the
Picture Is Mount
Lycabettus, from Which
a Superb View May
be Obtained of Athens
and All the Surround-
ing Country

PLATE VIII

**The Theater of
Dionysius on the Slope
of the Acropolis at
Athens. The Flagging
of the Stage in the
Foreground Is in a Good
State of Preservation.
Here Were First
Produced the Plays
of Æschylus, Sophocles
and Euripides**



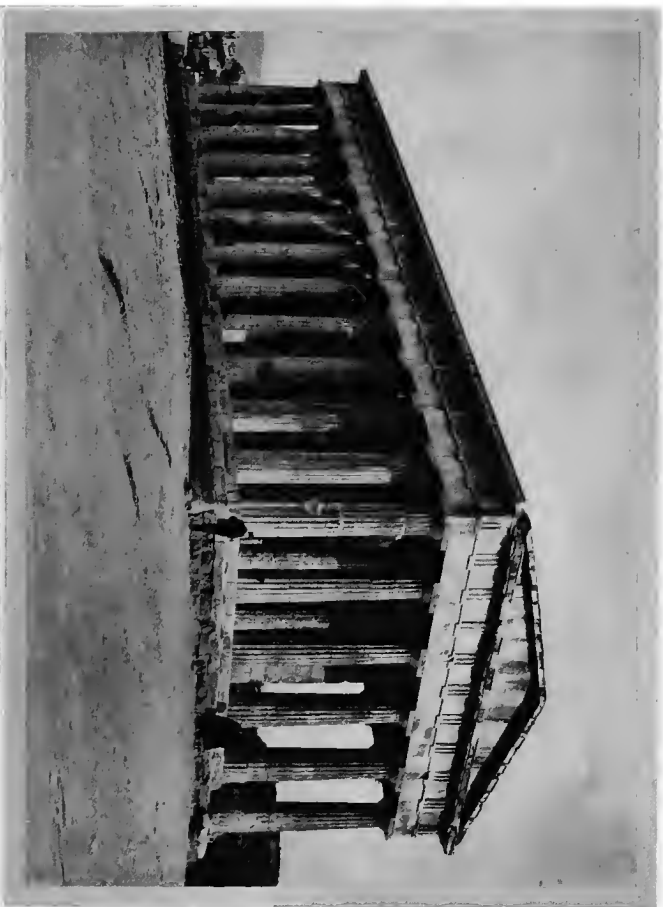


PLATE IX
The Theseion, Best
Preserved of the Greek
Temples at Athens,
But Far Less Beauti-
ful and Impressive Than
the Parthenon. It
Owed Its Safety From
Ruin to the Fact
That It Was Used
As a Place of Wor-
ship by Greek
Christians



PLATE X

The Graceful Arch Erected by the Roman Emperor
Hadrian at Athens. Its Statuary is Gone, But the Arch is in a
Good State of Preservation, as Hadrian Built Not For
an Age, But For all Time



PLATE XI

The Temple of Athena
Nike on the Acro-
polis, Athens,
Erected to Commemorate
the Victories of the
Athenians in the Per-
sian Wars. It is a
Fine Specimen of
Ionic Archi-
tecture

PLATE XII
 A Distant View of the
 Acropolis in Athens,
 Seen From the
 National Park. This
 Gives a Good Idea
 of the Elevation of
 the Acropolis Above
 the Level of
 the City





PLATE XIII

The Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, Under the Shadow
of the Acropolis, Athens. It Has Six Columns, But These Have
Only two Rows of Leaves. It Originally Bore a Prize
Tripod Won by Lysicrates in a Dramatic Contest

PLATE XIV

The Great Stadium at Athens As Seen During the First Olympic Games. This was Built in 1905 on the Site of the Original Stadium Erected by Lycurgus in 330 B. C. It is Largely Constructed of Concrete

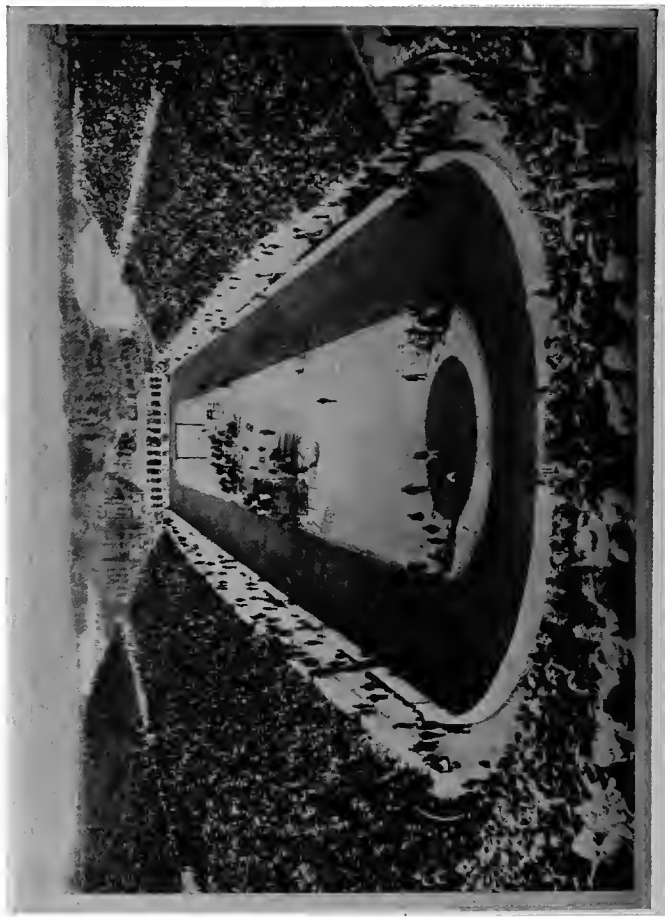




PLATE XV

A Statuette of the Great Figure of Athena by Phidias,
Which Was the Most Important Statue in the Parthenon.
The Work on This Statuette is Not Good, But
it Gives the Best Idea of the Original
Figure, Which Was of
Gold and Ivory

PLATE XVI

The "Three Fates"
from the East
Pediment of the
Parthenon. These
Seated Figures Repre-
sent the Best of
Greek Skill in
the Female
Through the
of Volumi-
ous Drapery



ITALY,
HOME OF ART AND
MONUMENTS

NAPLES AND ITS TREASURES OF ART

THE voyage from Port Said to Naples was marked only by the passage of the steamer through the Straits of Messina, within sight of the city which was practically destroyed by earthquake in January, 1909. Mount Etna loomed up on the left hand, looking huge and threatening, although fully sixty miles away. The snow that covered the summit and flanks of the volcano could be seen with the naked eye. The sea was so rough when the steamer neared Messina that the captain kept fully a mile from shore so that only through glasses could one make out the ruins of the earthquake. The temporary structures contributed by the United States still stand and reconstruction appears to have been very slow, as no new permanent buildings could be distinguished. Clouds of dust swept over the town which once had an imposing sea-front, as the ruined columns and arches attest.

Just beyond Messina we passed between Scylla and Charybdis, but with modern steamers there seems to be little danger of a vessel going upon one of these rocks while trying to avoid the other. With the tremendous current that runs through the straits it is easy to see how an ancient sailing vessel might be in danger of going on these rocks when passing between Sicily and Italy. Early on the following morning we entered the harbor of Naples

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and first saw the city under dull, leaden clouds, that threatened rain.

Naples should be seen in the spring, when its flowers are all in bloom, its trees and vines in leaf, and when the sun lingers lovingly on its rounded harbor line, and warms to their inmost depths its many narrow streets that look like canyons between solid walls of masonry. But even in chill midwinter this old capital of Southern Italy is a lovely spot, with Posilipo on one end of the great crescent and Sorrento on the other; with blue Capri in the distance, almost melting into the deeper blue of the Mediterranean, and with Vesuvius, its summit shadowed by fleecy clouds of smoke, dominating sea and shore, an ever-present menace of death and destruction.

With a harbor far inferior to that of San Francisco in natural beauty, Naples is infinitely more picturesque because of the skill shown in terracing the hillsides and making the streets encircle the shore. Naples has also the enormous advantage of an architecture that lends itself to the bold and rocky hills on which the city is built.

My most vivid impression of Naples, after nine days' stay, was that of a city of stucco and stone. Most of the buildings are of yellow stucco that mellows with age; the streets and sidewalks are of a hard, dark stone that wears smooth with long use. In the densely populated streets huge buildings rise for six or seven stories and leaving nothing but a narrow slit of blue sky between them; massive stone walls brace up the sides of the hills, and many narrow stone steps lead up the steep hillside. Looking down upon the city from the suppressed Carthusian monastery of San Martino, these streets appear like deep clefts in solid lines of masonry.

NAPLES AND ITS TREASURES OF ART

No American city, unless it be New York below Houston street, is so closely built as Naples. These miles of brick walls must store up summer heat and give off warmth all through the night; but in mid-winter the sun seldom peeps into them, and the icy east wind goes careering through as though it would enjoy tearing down the long lines of family washing that hang from nearly every window. The streets are all paved with large, square or rectangular blocks of stone. Many of these stones have sunk an inch or two below the level; others have had their corners cracked and the rain settling in these places has produced a depression. The result is that driving over these streets in cabs that have no rubber tires is noisy and uncomfortable.

Fully half the street noises of this noisiest of cities is made up of the roaring of wheels over the rough stone pavements and the incessant cracking of whips by cab drivers. The Naples cab usually has a single horse and seats for two people. The cabman drives like Jehu and takes desperate chances in the narrow streets of running over foot passengers, but you appreciate his point of view when you learn that the man who is run down in Naples is fined for obstructing traffic, since the Italian law holds that the streets are sacred to wheeled vehicles. The atrocity of this law may be appreciated when it is said that few sidewalks, even on the principal streets of Naples, are over six feet wide and that most of the pedestrians are forced to take to the streets.

This is the case even on the Via Roma, the main street of Naples, which runs for a mile and a half through the heart of the city. This thoroughfare, which was opened by the Viceroy, Don Pedro de Toledo, in 1540, is only about forty feet wide, with the usual narrow sidewalks. As all Naples

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drives through this street in the afternoon and as it is crowded with pedestrians, the congestion of traffic is fearful. To add to the woes of the foot passenger, fakers and pedlars are permitted to sell their wares on the edge of the sidewalk. The Italian does not seem to suffer from confusion and delay that would drive an American insane. The Italian gentleman takes to the street with perfect good humor when he can find no place on the sidewalk, and he shows that he is a genuine democrat by mixing with dirty and poorly-dressed workingmen on terms of fraternity.

On both sides of the Via Roma, which until forty years ago was known as the Toledo, extend narrow streets that are densely crowded. On the left as one ascends the Via Roma these streets climb the hill that is crowned with an ancient castle; on the other side they lead to the water-front. Even Cairo has no streets narrower than these, and this narrowness is accentuated by the great height of the buildings.

Many of these alleys that climb the hill are a series of stone steps, very picturesque, but extremely difficult to reach. Most of the supplies for the dwellers in these alleys are carried up by hand or on the heads of women. Long lines of bay windows reduce the space between the two rows of tenements, and the alley is further darkened by the laundry of scores of families which flutters from lines stretched from window to window across the narrow street.

This hanging of washing on the outer walls is one of the peculiar customs of Naples, which does not add to the attractiveness of the water-front or the tenement quarters. What increases the unsightliness of this exhibit is that the linen, though freshly washed, is not clean. Father's shirt and mother's

NAPLES AND ITS TREASURES OF ART

waist flap against the grimy buildings, but no one seems to care; nor does there seem to be any hesitation about exposing garments that are frayed and full of holes.

Slatternly women lean out of the windows of these tall buildings and exchange gossip; the streets are filled with children, and the stairways are alive with them. Privacy appears to be something unknown to the dwellers in these mean and narrow streets. Many incidents of domestic life, which in other lands are always hidden behind closed doors, are here seen in the open.

The army and the Church are liberally represented in the crowds that throng the streets of Naples at all hours except the early morning. The war with Tripoli was the cause during my visit of the appearance in Naples of large bodies of troops that embarked here for service in Africa. The soldiers were short, stocky fellows, who looked fit physically, but their low stature injured their appearance. They seemed to be drawn largely from the farm, but what they lacked in elegance and in skill in marching was made up by the officers, who wore very becoming costumes and whose mustaches, waxed to remarkable points, gave them a martial air.

Priests are very numerous and they may be distinguished at a distance by their peculiar flat hats of black beaver and their black robes. Many are barefooted save for rude sandals. These priests serve in the scores of churches scattered throughout the city. Some of these churches date back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; many were built in the fifteenth century. Upon most of them age has certainly set its mark, and not even elaborate gilding and ornamental work in bronze and stone can redeem their interiors from gloom.

SCENES IN GAY AND NOISY NAPLES

THE chief pleasure ground of Naples is the Villa Nazionale, a pretty park, bounded by the sea on one side, which is planted to many palms and ornamental trees. It is laid out in artistic style and in the season it is the great resort of strangers as well as the gathering place of fashionable Naples. A band plays three times a week in summer evenings and the avenue next to the bay is then crowded with carriages and the walks in the park thronged with pedestrians. In winter it is a chilly, wind-swept place, and the small tables and chairs of the open-air cafes serve to bring out the sharpness of the east wind.

The park contains an antique granite basin from Pæstum and a number of modern statues, including one of Thalberg, the pianist, who died in Naples. There are also small temples in honor of Virgil and Tasso. Here also is the Naples Aquarium, regarded as the most interesting in the world because of its great variety of rare marine life. Perhaps the most remarkable tank is that containing a half dozen varieties of the octopus. These repulsive monsters frequently advance to the front of their tank and endeavor to get nearer to the visitor, spreading their formidable tentacles and working in and out the peculiar apparatus for blood-sucking. Many beautiful varieties of coral and medusæ from the Mediter-

SCENES IN GAY AND NOISY NAPLES

anean are also shown. What adds greatly to the attractiveness of these exhibits is the artistic arrangement of the tanks, which far surpasses that in the New York aquarium.

Other interesting things in Naples are the Galleria Umberto Primo, a great arcade, built in the form of a cross and adorned with fine statues. The naves are one hundred and twenty-five feet high and the central dome is one hundred and eighty-five feet in height. This gallery is brilliantly lighted at night and is a fashionable gathering place of men, although one sees very few ladies. Ladies do not seem to go out in Naples in the evening except to the opera and the theater. It does not seem to be the custom for them to walk, even in such streets of fine shops as the Via Roma. They ride invariably in carriages and motors, even when shopping, a habit probably due to the street crowds and the difficulty of getting about with any comfort.

The shops in Naples are fine and there is a bewildering variety of ornaments and jewelry in coral and lava and tortoise shell. These three are the specialties of Naples, but scarcely inferior is the imitation in marble and bronze of the famous sculptures of antiquity found in Pompeii, Herculaneum, Pæstum, Rome and other places. The most common of these are reproductions in bronze, marble or lava of the Dancing Faun, Narcissus, Apollo playing the lyre, the Farnese Hercules and the Farnese Bull, the head of Homer and many famous bas-reliefs. These replicas of some of the best work of ancient art meet one at every turn. They satisfy the eye, but they suggest the query why the modern Italian sculptors, with the originals before their eyes, have failed to equal the ancient artists in the simplicity and beauty of their work.

THE CRITIC IN THE OCCIDENT

Naples takes life very easily as the American tourist soon learns to his cost. No museum opens before ten o'clock and the hour of closing in winter is four o'clock and in summer three o'clock. It is useless to go out in the street to do any shopping before ten o'clock, as no salesmen will be found on duty, and the same rule applies to most of the steamship offices. Leisurely methods prevail in regard to the answering of telegrams of inquiry about steamship berths and other matters. Twenty-four hours must be allowed for a reply by wire which would be received in any part of America in two or three hours.

A friend of mine suffered from the lax methods in many steamship offices. He saw a clerk in a German steamship office who assured him that a good steamer would leave in four days for Athens. He returned a day before the date of sailing only to be informed by another clerk that the steamer had been withdrawn and that the information given him was based on an obsolete time table. His Italian was not equal to the expression of his feelings.

This same tourist had an equally unfortunate experience at the National Museum. Being an architect he wished to copy the detail of certain bas-reliefs from Pompeii. He applied for permission, showing a general letter from the American Secretary of State. Two francs and a half were demanded for stamps, but the permit was only issued after he had wasted a full half-day in waiting. Then his anger overcame him and he tore up the permit and threw it in the waste-basket, a proceeding which aroused much excitement among the director's staff.

The Neapolitan takes his early breakfast of coffee and rolls about nine o'clock, his main breakfast at twelve-thirty o'clock, which is a hearty meal

SCENES IN GAY AND NOISY NAPLES

and over which he spends an hour or an hour and a half, while his dinner is never served before seven-thirty o'clock in the evening. This makes all theaters and operas very late, as the curtain does not rise until nine o'clock, and the performance seldom ends until after midnight. Cafes and restaurants abound, where it is the custom to take coffee and light refreshments about four or four-thirty o'clock in the afternoon, to tide over the long interval between breakfast and dinner. No one except the cabman ever seems to be in a hurry in Naples. The shopkeepers are extremely polite and they seem never to lose their tempers when ladies inspect their stock but do not purchase anything.

Naples, in its own way, makes a strong appeal to the American tourist. The people are gay, light-hearted, polite and accommodating; the city and its surroundings are so beautiful that they are a constant delight to the eye. Even the annoyances take on an amusing aspect after one has recovered from his first irritation over the persistence of cabmen and street venders. It is wearing on the temper to be hailed by cabman after cabman when one is so eccentric as to prefer walking on a cold morning, or to have the same vender of postal cards accost you day after day with an unwearied persistence worthy of a better cause. One great nuisance the city authorities have practically suppressed: this is the indiscriminate begging which once made the tourist's life a burden. To-day one is seldom accosted in Naples' streets by mendicants, which is a great relief after bitter experience in Cairo and Indian cities.

ANCIENT ROMAN LIFE AS SEEN IN POMPEII

THE tourist who reaches Naples by steamer or by rail receives many reminders that he is near Pompeii in photographs of the ruins and of the chief works of art found in the buried city. His eye is also caught on every hand by reproductions of these works of art in marble, lava, bronze and plaster. So when he sets out for Pompeii his mind is already stored with impressions. A well-built electric railroad, with remarkably poor cars, carries one to the ancient city in an hour and a half. The road passes many pretty villages along the shore of the bay of Naples, and it runs through an exceedingly fertile country, with vineyards and orange groves and quaint villas, built of the tufa, or soft stone formed by the hardening of the volcanic ashes of Vesuvius.

At Torre del Grecco fields of lava are seen, just as they poured down the mountain side in the last big eruption in 1906. In this eruption the lava threatened a little church and town; so the villagers dropped on their knees, the priest raised the cross, all prayed fervently, and the lava stream was stayed within a stone's throw of the sacred edifice.

The vines on these hillside estates are trained to grow on trees, set out at regular intervals, instead of stakes. The drain on the land caused by these trees is apparently ignored because of the extreme rich-

ANCIENT ROMAN LIFE IN POMPEII

ness of the soil, the ashes from Vesuvius being full of potash and salts that furnish plant food. The oranges are mainly the small Mandarins, very sweet and juicy.

On arrival at the small station of Pompeii, one enters a gate, and at once comes face to face with the ancient Roman road at the Nola gate, paved with many-sided blocks of lava. Here is a bit of antiquity brought down to us from 600 B. C. Here is a road, showing the ruts of Roman chariot wheels, just as it was in the time of Cicero. This visible presence of the old Roman world of which you have read so much comes upon you with a certain shock. These marks worn by the chariot wheels of Romans who lived two thousand, five hundred years ago are the most impressive things in this resurrected city of the ancient world.

As you walk down to this road you see the enormous mass of volcanic ashes and dirt which covered Pompeii down to two hundred and fifty years ago, when excavations were first begun on an extensive scale. It is over twenty feet deep, so that the excavation of the city represents costly work. As you walk up the street of Nola you see the ruined walls of houses on either hand, and you suddenly realize that here at last is a section of Roman life, before the time of Christ, preserved through all these years by the ashes of Vesuvius.

And here it may be well to give a few facts about Pompeii which will serve to refresh the reader's memory. The city was mainly a pleasure resort of wealthy Romans, and its chief structures, aside from the public buildings, theaters and temples, were the homes of rich men, elaborately decorated and ornamented with many fine specimens of Greek art. Certain architectural remains prove that the city was

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in existence in 600 B. C., although most of the buildings that have come down to us unchanged were constructed after 63 A. D., when Pompeii was practically destroyed by a severe earthquake. Only sixteen years after this rebuilding came the final catastrophe, which buried the city for over seventeen centuries.

The city wall was a little over a half mile long, with eight gates, and the town was in the form of an ellipse. Four wide streets traverse the city in one direction and two bisect it in the other direction. These main avenues are only about twenty-four feet wide, including narrow sidewalks, while the smaller streets are merely fourteen-foot alleys, without any sidewalks. It must be borne in mind that the hot ashes burned away all the woodwork of the houses and that the weight of the wet volcanic rubbish crushed in the roofs. Thus the remains are simply of onestory, with broken pillars and columns.

Only one house was preserved with some completeness, but this served to give the world an accurate idea of the arrangement and decoration of a Roman home of the best class. Pompeii was founded by the Oscans; it absorbed Greek culture and remained under Greek influences until 290 B. C., when it fell under control of the Romans. Before the Christian era Pompeii had become a genuine Roman city.

Pliny, the younger, left the world the best account of the destruction of Pompeii, in which his uncle, the naturalist, lost his life. Read it and you will get a vivid idea of the terror and confusion which prevailed when day was turned into night, and a continuous shower of pumice stones and ashes fell for hours. Most of the inhabitants had ample time to escape, but of the two thousand who lost

ANCIENT ROMAN LIFE IN POMPEII

their lives the greater part probably tarried to try to save their property.

For over seventeen centuries this ancient city remained lost to the world. In 1748 some bronze statues found by a peasant stimulated Charles III to begin the work of excavation, which was continued without any regular plan until 1860, when Professor Fiorelli entered upon systematic digging that has achieved great results. Many fine statues and frescoes were removed to the museum at Naples, but lately the sensible plan has been adopted of preserving any objects in the house in which they are found. It was Fiorelli also who devised the ingenious scheme of preserving in plaster the forms of many victims of the earthquake. The wet ashes formed a mold about each figure, and Fiorelli poured liquid plaster into these natural casts and in this way actually preserved the figures in the agonies of death. In the small museum in Pompeii may be seen figures of men in various attitudes of death by strangulation; a girl lying on her face and two women, trying to shield their mouths from the deadly fumes. An extraordinary figure is that of a dog bent double in his death agony.

In this museum are also preserved bread just from the oven, grains, meats and other food, besides many utensils and implements in common use. These plaster figures of poor victims caught in their death struggles give one a more vivid impression of the horrors of the great disaster that overwhelmed this pleasure-loving city than even Bulwer Lytton's graphic pictures in *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

As one enters Pompeii by the street of Nola he is first struck by the stepping stones placed in the middle of the street so that people might cross in rainy weather without wetting their feet. These

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steps were so arranged that chariot wheels could pass between them, but the horses were forced to leap over the stones. It is between and near these stepping stones that the deepest ruts are worn by the heavy wheels of the chariots. In many streets near the corners are stone drinking fountains, the water being brought up in lead pipes by the sidewalk and then allowed to pour through a spout into a square stone basin. On each side of the spout the hard stone is hollowed by the hands of thousands who bent over the fountain to drink.

This street by which we entered was a street of shops, although the Romans used no signs to indicate their business. Several of these were bakers' and cook shops; others were stores for the sale of wine, as large earthen jars are set into marble counters. One of the largest was a laundry, with tubs of stone and a big furnace for heating water.

It would be tedious to describe in detail even a few of the houses that have been preserved in Pompeii. One typical residence, the house of the Vettii, will suffice for all. This house, one of the largest and finest in the city, was built by two brothers, who were once slaves, but who became rich and bought their freedom. The house is built in the regular Roman style, with a narrow passage leading to a vestibule, and this in turn opening into a large open court or atrium, with a reservoir for rain water in the center. On each side were small bedrooms for guests. Back of the atrium was a room where the master of the house transacted his business. The remainder of the house was sacred to the family. In the center was a large open court or garden, encircled by columns, called the peristylum, and opening off this were the dining-room, drawing-room, the room of the mistress of the house, the kitchen

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and the wine cellar. Decoration was lavished on the walls of the principal rooms, and the peristylum was adorned with statuettes in bronze or marble. Very little marble was used in decoration in Pompeii, the columns being covered with stucco and the floors made of mosaic.

In the house of the Vettii, uncovered about sixteen years ago, is seen Pompeian mural decoration at its best. The finest work is in the atrium, the dining-room and the big room to the right of the peristyle. The decoration in all these rooms is mythological, the small figures on dadoes and friezes being superior in drawing and coloring to the large mural paintings. In the dining-room several large sections of the wall have been preserved and these show the brilliant Pompeian red, apparently as clear and as brilliant as when painted over two thousand years ago.

Among the large pictures are the infant Hercules strangling the serpents, Pentheus slain by the Bacchantes, the Farnese Bull group, Apollo and Daphne, and Perseus and Andromeda. Beautiful as is this house it contains several paintings which show the darker side of Roman life and character. The worst painting in Pompeii is in the vestibule, now covered. In the old days it was open to the gaze of all, as were various paintings of hermaphrodites and of erotic subjects.

The Roman phallic worship tinctures all the art in Pompeii and brutalizes it. It is shown in the stone phallus, built into the walls of many buildings, to keep off evil spirits. It is abundantly shown in the secret room of the Naples Museum, which contains an amazing collection of paintings and statuettes. From these remains the conclusion is inevitable that the ancient Roman was not immoral but

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unmoral. Christianity introduced a new code of morals in which purity of thought was one of the leading features. Beside it the Pagan religions are unspeakably gross and vile. It was not strange that the Egyptian worship of Isis found many followers in Pompeii and that the initiation of novices degenerated into the most fantastic orgies.

Another interesting place in Pompeii is the House of the Faun, so named because in the court was found the famous bronze figure, the Dancing Faun, one of the most perfect specimens of ancient Greek art. This figure, not over two feet high, is alive in every muscle. The Faun, with his curly hair and beard, is dancing with a pure delight in every movement of his body, which the sculptor has caught with surpassing skill. Other beautiful bronzes found in Pompeii are the Youthful Satyr with a wine skin; Narcissus, which experts now say was intended for a youthful Dionysius listening to soft music, and Apollo playing a lyre. All these statues are of the pure Greek school and they have been photographed so often and reproduced in various materials that every American school child is familiar with them.

Very interesting even to one who makes only a single visit to Pompeii are the thermæ or baths, with the remains of the various rooms in which the sybaritic Roman of the last days of Pompeii spent so many hours. The Forum, adorned with rows of columns and with many fine statues, is very impressive, while the many temples show the strong hold which the worship of the gods still maintained over the popular imagination. A Greek theater, with an annex for the accommodation of gladiators, and a great amphitheater, capable of seating twenty thousand spectators, are also among the remains. The

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work of excavation is constantly going on and new treasures of Greek art may be discovered any day. Too much praise cannot be given to the Italian Government for the care which it has taken of these remains of a civilization that is brought very near to us by a visit to Pompeii.

On the return from Pompeii one should visit the National Museum in Naples, which is crowded with works of art and mural remains from the buried city. Days may be spent in the study of these works, which include invaluable specimens of the archaic and golden ages of Roman art, Greek portraits, ancient frescoes and many fine specimens of bas-relief from Pompeii and Herculaneum. Aside from the bronzes already mentioned, some notable figures in this museum are the Farnese Hercules, a colossal marble figure found in the baths of Caracalla at Rome, representing the hero leaning on his club and holding in his right hand the golden apples of the Hesperides; and the Farnese Bull, a group also found in the baths of Caracalla. No one should miss the head of Homer, dug up in the theater of Herculaneum, with its massive forehead and its refined nose and mouth, nor the bust of Julius Cæsar, with the splendid dome of the head, and the lean cheeks, full of suffering. Hours may also be spent in profitable study of the beautiful work of Greek and Roman artists on glass and precious stones. Here are rooms full of cameos and intaglios that cannot be fully appreciated without a magnifying glass; work in gold and silver that is the despair of the modern jeweler; vases in endless variety, many of them adorned with engravings.

ROMANCE AND BEAUTY OF ROMAN RUINS

ROME makes a powerful appeal to anyone fond of history or of ancient art. More than any other city in Europe it seems to link the modern to the ancient world. Its atmosphere is charged with the romance of a history that will never lose its charm. Its streets and its galleries are filled with statues that make the glory of Greece live again in our prosaic days. Behind the magnificent modern memorial to Victor Emmanuel stands the old Roman Forum, with the arch of Septimus Severus and portions of the temples of Vespasian and of Castor and Pollux. Within sight is the Colosseum, where the Dacian gladiator was "butchered to make a Roman holiday" and hundreds of Christian martyrs were thrown to the lions.

The ruins of the magnificent palaces of the Cæsars on the Palantine Hill look down on the new palaces of trade and finance that face the square of Victor Emmanuel and line the Corso. From whatever point one views the city, the dome of St. Peter's dominates everything. Fountains abound, from the superb fountain of Trevi, the finest in the world, to the curious four fountains that give the name to the street that leads into the Via Quirinale, on which stands the Royal Palace. Every square has an historic monument, an Egyptian obelisk or a statue to the memory of a famous Roman. Bred among such

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surroundings, is it strange that the modern Roman is artistic to the tips of his fingers, or that hundreds of shops are devoted to the carving and sale of copies of the great works of Greek and Roman sculptors?

This romantic blending of history and art is felt by the most prosaic tourist. He cannot escape it if he has read anything of Roman history or of the early days of Christianity. When he walks over the Via Sacra in the old Roman Forum, he is treading on the identical stones which Cæsar trod on that day which saw the sudden end of his crowded life.

When he drives out on the Appian Way he sees the Arch of Drusus, through which the apostles, Peter and Paul passed on their way to martyrdom. Not far away he sees the tomb of the two Scipios, surnamed Africanus, because they were leaders in the Punic wars, which ended in beating down the power of Carthage into the dust. Out on the Appian Way he may see the ruins of the Claudian aqueduct, which Ruskin likened to a funeral procession departing from a nation's grave. All about the city are columns, pillars, statues, many of them the originals which have come down from the days of the Cæsars. And here also may be seen the Roman cypress, fit tree to stand as sentinel over the ruins of Imperial Rome.

With so much beauty in Greek sculpture, with so much grandeur in Roman temples and palaces, it is difficult to give any adequate description of this old city by the Tiber. We know that the Romans fell far short of the Greeks in their sculpture and in their architecture; but we know that they gave to the world law and government in such enduring form that many modern nations have taken these for their models. We also know that

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the Romans preserved for us all that was best in the art of Greece. Thus the Emperor Hadrian, when master of the world, gathered at his villa at Tivoli, near Rome, five thousand of the best works of Greek art. Many of these were copies of originals which were afterward lost or destroyed by fire; others were wrought by the greatest artists the world has known. Could this villa with all its wealth of art have been preserved for us, as Pompeii was preserved by volcanic ashes, then we should have seen Imperial Rome as it was in its proudest days.

To the newcomer, modern Rome, the Rome which has been built on the Pincian Hill, the site of the spacious gardens of the historian Sallust, seems incongruous and out of place; but he soon sees that this new Rome has no vital relation to the old city. Of the ancient Roman buildings only one has come down in regular daily use through all the centuries. This is the Pantheon, one of the most impressive relics of Imperial Rome. It was built by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus Cæsar, and his name still stands carved on its front; but we know that it was altered by Domitian, and that Hadrian restored it after much damage had been done by lightning. It is a curious fact that the height and diameter of the Pantheon are the same—one hundred and forty-two and a half feet. All the light comes from an aperture in the dome, twenty-seven feet in diameter. Entering the gloomy building on a rainy morning it was a shock to find that the middle of the floor was wet. What preserved this pagan temple from spoliation was its use as a Christian Church. Later it was converted into a burial place for the illustrious dead. Here lie the remains of Raphael and here also repose King Victor Emmanuel and King Humbert.

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Next to the Pantheon naturally comes the Forum, the center of Imperial Rome. It has been partly excavated and its ruins now stand just back of the modern buildings that crown the summit of the Capitoline Hill. Seen in photographs the remains of temples and columns have a huddled look, but in reality the sight of these ruins is singularly impressive. The arch of Septimus Severus bounds one end and the arch of Titus the other, while the Forum extends in width from the house of the Vestal Virgins to the enormous basilica erected by Constantine. It seems incredible as one looks down upon the Forum to-day that only fifty years ago all these relics of Imperial Rome were covered by over twenty feet of earth and that only what Byron called a "nameless column with a buried base," represented the wealth of ancient art that lay hidden here. Even Gibbon, when he formed the plan of his great history while listening to the barefooted friars chanting in the Church of Ara Coeli, was ignorant of the fact that he was treading on ground which covered that Forum he revived for us.

To-day the Roman Forum is as full of interest as is Pompeii. Here may be traced the Via Sacra, with its original pavement of heavy blocks of limestone, and here also may be seen the remains of the small shops which were once permitted along this thoroughfare. The Forum was the chief meeting place of the people and in its best days it covered about twenty-five acres. Originally it had been a marshy lake and it was drained by the Cloaca Maxima or great sewer, built by the first Tarquin. Although constructed without mortar, this old sewer still survives and serves to carry the drainage of the Forum into the Tiber. We may look down into it to-day from an opening in the Forum.

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Arranged in the form of a parallelogram, the most conspicuous things in the Forum to-day are the three Corinthian columns of the temple of Castor and Pollux, the eight columns of the temple of Saturn, the three columns of the temple of Vespasian, the arch of Septimus Severus, the arch of Titus, the temple of Faustina and the Basilica of Constantine. The two arches are in excellent preservation. That of Septimus Severus is battered, but one can still trace the bas-reliefs which record the victories of the Emperor in his campaigns in the East. The arch of Titus commemorates his conquest of Jerusalem, and one of the reliefs shows the Emperor's triumphal entry into Rome.

All about the Forum are scattered remains of famous objects. One of the most interesting is some portions of the rostra from which Cicero and other great orators delivered their speeches. The place gained its name from the brazen beaks of captured ships of war, which were brought home and nailed up on the orators' platform. A few steps are all that is left of the Basilica Julia, a massive courthouse begun by Julius Cæsar, but finished by Augustus. A heap of concrete is all that remains of the temple of Vesta, where the sacred fire was kept burning at all hours. The vestals who performed this service were highly honored, but the ruins of their house show that it was poorly located for comfort. Built with an open court, it stood at the base of the Palatine Hill and must have been very damp and unwholesome. We can still see the furnace where charcoal made from olive and oak wood was burned to heat this house.

Besides the many magnificent temples, arches and columns that lined the Forum, the place was ornamented with statues gathered from many



**The Arch of Titus in the Roman Forum, With the
Colosseum in the Distance. This Arch was Erected by Domitian
to Commemorate the Subjection of the Jews by
Titus in the Year 70 A. D.**

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places. The pride that the Athenian took in the Acropolis was shown by the Roman in the Forum. It represented the splendid empire that embraced the entire known world. Every Roman felt that he had a personal interest in the place, and when any great public demonstration was announced all turned out to see what was done in the Forum. The Cæsars spent imperial fortunes in decorating the Forum and in erecting the superb buildings which lined the Via Sacra. Gold and marble were lavished on these structures, which were finished in the highest style of art.

On one side of the Forum was the Capitoline Hill, the seat of the Kings and the Republic, and on the other the Palatine Hill, the homes of the Emperors. The Capitoline is now covered by a museum which contains some famous art treasures, chief among which may be mentioned the Dying Gaul, misnamed the Gladiator by Byron, the Marble Faun and others. Here also is shown the Tarpeian Rock, which commemorates the treachery of the Roman maiden Tarpeia and the swift vengeance that overcame her when the enemies of Rome were given admittance to this stronghold. The Rock is not impressive, as buildings have been erected at its base. On the Capitoline Hill is the Church of Ara Coeli, which is mainly noteworthy because it possesses a famous Bambino or holy image that is bedecked with gems by faithful Catholics. The shrine of the Bambino is filled with letters from persons who hope by these appeals to have their prayers answered.

The Palatine Hill is a picturesque heap of ruins, crowned by a line of cypresses. Here are masses of brickwork and great arches which once formed the foundations of the palaces of the Cæsars. Incredibly

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massive are all these remains, the brick and cement having defied the ravages of time. Originally the home of many private citizens of wealth, the Palatine was gradually absorbed by the Emperors. The finest remains to-day are those of the palace of Caligula, the Emperor who came to believe that he was a god and should be worshiped by the people as a deity. Caligula greatly enlarged the palace built by Domitian, and his house has been preserved because it was used by the Popes who succeeded to this property.

The Italian Government, by its systematic excavations, is doing much to clear up many disputed points in early Roman history. Back of the house of Livia, on the summit of the Palatine Hill, the excavations have recently uncovered an ancient well of plainly defined Mykenian work, showing that the Greeks from the site of ancient Troy preceded the Romans in this settlement on the banks of the Tiber. Here may be seen the well and the peculiar curbing which the best archæologists agree was the work of Mykenians, whose ancient cities on the windy plain of Troy were unearthed by Professor Schliemann. One of the impressive sights on the Palatine Hill is the series of massive arches built by Septimus Severus on the southeastern end of the hill to make more room for his palace. These arches served as the foundations for this imperial residence which has been absolutely destroyed. They are so finely built that they seem to be the ruins of the palace itself.

ART IN ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN

ST. PETER'S of Rome is the greatest religious shrine in Christendom, as it is the largest church edifice in the world. Its fine dome, the work of Michelangelo, is the central feature in every view of Rome, precisely as the Washington monument appears in every view of our national capital. Two enormous colonnades form a half-circle in which are grouped an Egyptian obelisk and two artistic fountains. The whole square is paved with stone and many wide stone steps lead up to the entrance of the church. Your eye is satisfied with the sweep of the colonnades, surmounted by fine statues, the beauty of the fountains and the spaciousness of the plaza; but when you enter the church itself, the unexpected size of it hits you like a blow. You may have mastered all the dimensions, but figures are worthless before these soaring arches and this tremendous dome, which is so well proportioned that it gives no hint of its great size.

A friend with whom I first saw St. Peter's said this dome seemed to him no larger than St. Paul's in London; yet two domes such as that constructed by Sir Christopher Wren could be placed in this. It is the same with the colossal nave. Entering the door on a dark morning, the nave seems to lose itself in the dim shadows of the dome. On each side is another nave as large as an ordinary church. Far

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in the distance gleams the circle of ever-burning lamps about the tomb of St. Peter. On every hand are pillars of marble, richly ornamented with designs in gold, silver, malachite, onyx and other beautiful stones. All around are the tombs of Popes, wrought in marble and bronze, with panels filled with mosaic copies of famous masterpieces.

When you look up into Michelangelo's dome it gives you no idea of its height to say that it is four hundred and ninety-three feet in the clear. The only way to get any conception of this tremendous height is to ascend the dome and look down from the topmost gallery. From this point of vantage people walking over the floor below look like ants. Here also may be studied the splendid mosaics designed by the great sculptor. Beneath the dome is a massive bronze canopy covering the papal altar over the tomb of St. Peter. Ninety-three lamps, always burning, are arranged along the marble balustrade around the tomb.

To the right, in the nave, is the bronze statue of St. Peter, with the great toe of the right foot worn smooth by the kisses of thousands of devout Catholics. To the left, in the transept, are confessional boxes for all the nations of the earth. It is borne in upon you that this is a sanctuary for Catholics of the whole world, to which many famous artists have lent their skill and upon which over fifty million dollars have been lavished. Yet usually this vast church is well nigh empty, the most regular and enthusiastic visitors being tourists of all nations with Baedekers in hand.

The decoration of St. Peter's would be called over-florid in any other church edifice, but here gold and marble and mosaics of the most beautiful stones have been so lavishly used that each adds to the

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effectiveness of the others. Among the art treasures, the most famous is the marble *Pieta* by Michelangelo, carved when the sculptor was only twenty-three years old. The face of the Virgin is very youthful, but touched with heavy sorrow, and the figure of Christ is full of pathos.

Canova has contributed two works of the greatest beauty—the tomb of Pope Clement XIII and the monument to the Stuarts. It will surprise most readers to learn that three of the unfortunate Stuart family are buried here in a tomb for which Canova designed two angels guarding the gate, figures that have never been surpassed in their union of majesty and grace. Thorwaldsen has also furnished a striking design for the tomb of Pius VII, and Bernini fashioned the bronze canopy that rises above the high altar.

St. Peter's was built on the spot where the great apostle was crucified by Nero's executioners. Here, where rises the greatest church in all the world, was the Circus of Nero, that witnessed the torture and the cruel death of hundreds of the early Christians. St. Peter had been confined in the Mamertine prison, one of the ugliest dungeons of old Rome, near the Forum. It was in this underground hole, walled about with ancient stone, that Jugurtha was starved and that many other prisoners of the Cæsars were done to death in the most cruel way.

Here also is a spring of pure water bubbling up out of the floor, a miracle wrought by St. Peter that he might secure water with which to baptize his jailer whom he had converted. This gloomy Mamertine prison gives you a realization of the atrocious cruelty of the pagan Emperors of Rome, just as St. Peter's makes you appreciate the religion that softened men's hearts and made love the trium-

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phant force of conquest, greater than the swords of all the Roman legions.

The Vatican was used first for state ceremonies, but, after the return of the Popes from Avignon it became the papal residence. Nicholas V, in the middle of the fifteenth century, conceived the idea of making the Vatican a superb palace for housing the Cardinals and all the public offices of the church. That idea was carried out by his successors, each of whom has added to its magnificence.

The result is a little city of buildings surrounding St. Peter's, three hundred and eighty-four yards long by two hundred and fifty-six yards broad, with over eleven thousand halls and chambers and twenty courts. The main entrance to the Vatican is at the end of the right colonnade of St. Peter's, but since the papal government was deprived of temporal power nearly all visitors have been forced to pass around to the left and back of St. Peter's to gain entrance to the galleries. The first way is only about one hundred yards; the other fully three-quarters of a mile. On rainy days it is a sad sight to see tourists of all races trudging through the wet because they are barred from this direct entrance.

The most attractive part of the Vatican collections is the museum of sculpture, which contains a few great masterpieces and an enormous mass of other statuary which is worth little attention. The average tourist wearies himself by trying to see everything. The result is that he has only a confused recollection of interminable lines of marble and bronze figures. Among the great things, the best is the Apoxyomenos or scraper, a Greek athlete scraping the oil from his right arm. The statue is believed to be a copy from Lysippus, one of the foremost Greek sculptors, and it is so perfect in

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every way that one never tires of studying it. The Antinous, from an original by Praxiteles, and the Apollo Belvedere have the same lightness and grace as the Greek athlete; they embody in enduring marble the strength and beauty which everyone admires, and they rest and satisfy the eye by their perfect proportions and their immortal youth.

A great contrast to these is the group of The Laocoon, a tragedy in stone, which seems just as poignant to-day as when the unknown sculptor carved it from a block of marble. The agony in the father's face as he realizes that the serpent is too powerful to struggle against, touches the heart. This figure of the poor father, with tense muscles and despairing face, seems to typify the lot of so many hopeless people in their fruitless struggle against misfortune, sickness and sorrow. Canova has contributed three statues to this gallery, but, though they are wonderfully clever, you feel instinctively that the modern sculptor had not grasped the secret of the old masters of the craft.

Aside from the statuary, the other great things in the Vatican are the Sistine Chapel and the Stanze of Raphael. Pope Sixtus IV decided to have a chapel decorated by the greatest artists of his day. The result is the most sumptuous room in Rome, if not in the world. Perugine, Botticelli and Ghirlandajo were among the minor artists who lent their genius to the decoration of the walls and the panels; but it was Michelangelo who made the chapel unique. He covered the ceiling of this chapel with heroic figures of prophets and sibyls, and he pictured in a great series the creation, the fall of man and the prospect of redemption. The figures of Michelangelo are drawn with the same power that shines through the stone figures which adorn the tombs of

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the Medici in Florence. No other artist ever drew with the same combination of demoniac force and perfect certainty of form.

This work on the chapel ceiling is far finer than anything in "The Last Judgment," the enormous fresco that covers the end of the chapel. What this picture may have been before it was blackened by time and smoke, no one can say, but I doubt the sincerity of those who indulge in superlatives to-day about its grandeur and impressiveness. At least they must have a powerful imagination to get any pleasure or any thrills from this gloomy picture of a denunciatory Christ dealing out punishment to a wicked world. Only with the aid of a strong glass can one get any satisfaction from this fresco.

The Stanze or Halls of Raphael, which you enter after viewing the Sistine Chapel, were executed on the order of Julius II, who desired some fine decoration for his four living-rooms. In a series of allegorical and religious pictures Raphael covered these walls with the rich fruit of his imagination. The leaders of literature and of religion are depicted as well as significant events in the history of the church. These pictures give the impression of a firmly centered, wholesome genius who found this world a good one to live in. There is nothing morbid nor gloomy in the whole series, while the pictures reveal marvelous command over all the technical difficulties of the artist's work.

In the Vatican picture gallery is another painting by Raphael which is worthy of study. It is the famous "Transfiguration" on which the painter was at work when death came, after a brief illness. Of all the religious paintings that I saw in Rome this pleased me the best. It is full of spirituality and the coloring is as fine as in any canvas of Titian.

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Throughout Rome are scattered a half dozen galleries of pictures, each of which contains a few masterpieces. For the sake of the tourist, it would be a boon if the really great paintings from each of these galleries could be gathered in one central place. In the Borghese gallery is Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," for which Pierpont Morgan is said to have offered one million dollars. Although the coloring is extraordinarily beautiful the picture in itself does not seem to me to rank with many masterpieces of other painters. In this same gallery is one of Canova's best pieces of sculpture—the well-known, life-size statue of Princess Borghese, who was the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte.

In the Barberini gallery is one great picture—Guido Reni's portrait of Beatrice Cenci, a haunting face that never seems to look twice the same. The painter has given this girl, who killed her father, heavy-lidded eyes, which seem ready to fill with tears, but there is something mysterious and elusive about the expression of her face, as though she longed to tell her secret, yet dared not break her silence. If we had portraits such as this of all the famous historical personages of Rome, it would be much easier to understand their actions.

In the time of Trajan, Rome is said to have had thirteen hundred fountains. How many there are to-day I know not, but you seem to come upon them in the most unexpected places. The finest of all is the Fountain of Trevi, built by Clement XII and supplied with water by the Acqua Vergine, which once brought water to the Baths of Agrippa. Another beautiful fountain is that of the Nymphs, in front of the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, and not far from the railway station. This fountain is one of the first things seen on entering Rome.

THE COLOSSEUM AND ALONG THE APPIAN WAY

THE ancient pagan remains in Rome seem to appeal to the average tourist far more than the churches and the relics of the early Christian era. Perhaps this is because Roman history in the days of the Cæsars was so filled with romance that it impresses itself upon the imagination more vividly than any other era in the annals of the world. Never before was centralization of power and wealth carried to so high a degree; never before nor since has one man exercised despotic rule over so many millions. Augustus, Domitian, Trajan, Hadrian—to take only a few of the typical builders among the Emperors—lavished millions in treasure upon palaces and public buildings; they gathered statues from Greece, obelisks from Egypt and beautiful marbles from many lands. Gold and ivory and precious stones were freely used in the decoration of their buildings.

It is this excess of luxury, joined to absolute power of life or death over millions of people, that has so powerful an effect upon the modern imagination. Hence, of all the buildings in Rome that have come down from the days of the Cæsars, the one which satisfies the eye and the mind most completely is the Colosseum, that gigantic amphitheater which probably witnessed more bloodshed and misery than any other place in Rome. Familiar as are

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the ruins of this great Flavian amphitheater, through photographs and prints, the building itself is one of the most impressive in all Rome, through sheer size and massiveness.

The vandal hands of Popes and others have stripped the Colosseum of the marbles that covered its walls, but nothing can harm the magnificent proportions of this great open-air theater. We are told that it had seats for seventy thousand spectators, and Gibbon gives many details of the arrangement of the tiers of seats and the provisions for the comfort of the patricians who filled the choice places near the arena. To-day about half the outer wall is standing, which permits us to see the four stories, with Doric columns on the first, Ionic on the second, Corinthian on the third and Corinthian pilasters on the fourth story.

Twelve thousand captive Jews are said to have been employed in building this huge structure and they certainly did their work well. Left merely to the elements, the Colosseum would be to-day among the best preserved of the ruins of Rome; but used as a quarry for hundreds of years, the wonder is that one stone remains upon another. As it is, the massive limestone slabs are dug full of holes, the marks left by those who searched for the bronze or iron clamps used to fasten the stones together. Several millions have been spent by Popes in restoring various parts of the Colosseum and the Italian Government has done good work in excavating the interior, so that the ancient arrangements for providing entertainments are now made clear.

Here may be seen the underground passages by which the lions and tigers were driven into the arena, and here are the small rooms where Christians and other captives were kept until the time

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came for them to be exposed in the great amphitheater. Standing in the center of the arena and looking up at these tiers on tiers of seats, one may easily understand the fear that must have gripped the hearts even of the professional gladiators when they surveyed the vast and unsympathetic audience that soon would decide their fate, should they chance to be defeated. And what imagination can conceive the cold horror of the defenseless Christians when they saw the savage lions bounding toward them. These stones of the wall that encircles the arena could tell some grisly tales of bloodshed, cruelty and unspeakable terror. Walking about this old arena brings you very close to the days of the Flavians and the Antonines; it makes history warm and vital.

Not far from the Colosseum begins the Appian Way, that great highway which led from Rome to Brindisi, by way of Capri. You pass through the Porta Capena out upon this old road, which has been cleared for a distance of over ten miles. It is only about twenty-six feet wide, with a curbstone on each side, but so well was it paved with hexagonal slabs of lava that some of the old pavement remains to-day, as it was in the time of the Cæsars.

For several miles out of Rome the Appian Way was lined with tombs, the ruins of which may be seen on either hand. The Roman law was very stringent in prohibiting burial inside the city walls, so the custom prevailed of erecting tombs along the public roads near the city.

A short distance from the Porta Capena a side road leads up to the colossal ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, which are a mile in circumference. Only the massive walls and arches of these baths now remain, but these impress one as deeply as the Colos-

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seum with the lavish extravagance of the Roman Emperors. These walls are from ten to fifteen feet thick and they rise to a height of one hundred and forty feet. Many arches are from sixty to eighty feet high. You walk through the enormous chambers which Caracalla provided for the luxurious bathing of sixteen hundred people.

In the center was a spacious recreation ground, where hundreds indulged in athletic sports, and Gibbon tells us that this place was really a great club, where the poorest Roman citizen could find entertainment all day with the expenditure of only a few cents. For years the arches and walls of these baths were overgrown with trees and vines. On one of these arches Shelley wrote the greater part of his *Prometheus Unbound*.

Christian and pagan dead jostled one another out on this Appian Way. When the persecution of the Christians was at its height it became the custom for this sect to quarry subterranean passages in the soft volcanic rock and in these to bury their dead. These burial places came to be called catacombs. Many miles of them extend around Rome, but two of the largest are on the Appian Way. In the catacombs of St. Calixtus fifteen Popes and two hundred thousand Christians found burial. Provided with a wax taper one may descend into the catacomb of St. Calixtus and walk through hundreds of feet of underground passages, with niches on both sides in which once rested the bodies of Christians.

One of the most interesting places on the Appian Way is the Quo Vadis Church, said to be erected on the spot where St. Peter, fleeing from Rome, saw a vision of the Lord. Peter, who had escaped from the Romans and found liberty very sweet, asked Jesus: "Lord, whither goest thou?" The

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answer came, as the figure disappeared: "To be recrucified in Rome." Peter accepted this as a reproof and returned to Rome and martyrdom. This spot was marked by a chapel and a marble slab on which were the impression of the feet of the Lord. The original slab is now in the basilica of St. Sebastian, but a replica is in this little church, with a copy of Michelangelo's fine statue of Christ, with the cross. This legendary incident furnished the main motive for Sienkiewicz's romance, *Quo Vadis*, and for Wilson Barrett's play, *The Sign of the Cross*.

Beyond this church is the finest tomb on the Appian Way, the burial place of Cecilia Metella, daughter of Quintus Metellus, who conquered Crete, and wife of Crassus, the Rockefeller of his time. It looks like a circular fort, massively built of travertine stone, and it may be seen for many miles. Originally it was covered with white marble, but this was stripped off during the Middle Ages to make lime, the lower slabs being removed by Pope Clement XII in order to build the Fountain of Trevi in Rome. Although used as a fortress in the thirteenth century, this tomb has survived practically as it was originally built, with the exception of the loss of the conical roof. The irony of fate has given to Cecilia Metella a tomb that has survived the splendid palaces of Augustus and Nero, but it has left not a single line about the woman to whose memory this superb memorial was reared. Lord Byron, in *Childe Harold*, touches on this curious feature in some noble lines, which are well worth reading. In fact it will pay anyone to read what Byron wrote on the famous things which he saw in Rome. Though he spent much time in dalliance with the beautiful Countess Guiccioli, he saw Rome thoroughly, and no one in verse or prose



**Michelangelo's Heroic Statue of the Young David,
Now in the Cupola of the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence. It
Stood in Front of the Palazzo Vecchio Until 1873, But
its Place There is Now Filled With a Plaster Copy**

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has ever surpassed his word-pictures of the ruins of the Imperial City.

Beyond this tomb the Appian Way extends straight across the desolate Campagna toward the south. The eye can trace it for about ten miles, a white line cutting through a great expanse of green. Nothing breaks the monotony of this vast sea of verdure but the ruins of the Claudian aqueduct that once brought millions of gallons of water to Rome to supply the baths and fountains of the Cæsars. These crumbling arches extend for miles across the Campagna and give a human touch to what would otherwise be a desolate waste. Rome is the only city that I know which has no suburbs. Here is no gradual change from busy thoroughfares to village quiet, but one passes suddenly from the bustle and life of a great city to the solitude of a desert. All around the city stretches this great level plain, without trees, without houses, without life.

On the return from the Appian Way it is customary to stop at the great church of St. Paul beyond the walls. This huge basilica, which is scarcely less impressive than St. Peter's, was erected on the spot where the body of St. Paul was buried, after his decapitation by order of Nero. The main nave is decorated with pillars of granite which cost one thousand dollars each, and in the center is the papal altar, its bronze pavilion supported by four alabaster pillars from Assouan, Egypt, a gift from Mehemet Ali. This pavilion covers the place where St. Paul and the Apostle Timothy are buried and it was here that Ignatius de Loyola and his followers took the vows of the Society of Jesus. One of the features of the church is the portraits of all the Popes, from Peter down to Pius X. The roof is especially rich being covered with gilding.

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On the way back from St. Paul's it is well to stop at the English and American cemetery, where may be seen the graves of Shelley and Keats. Shelley loved Italy, but it was his fate to be drowned in the bay of Spezia. He left directions in his will for the cremation of his body, and Trelawney has given a graphic account of these funeral rites in classic style, performed under his direction in the presence of Lord Byron.

The most conspicuous thing in the cemetery is the pyramid of Caius Cestus, made of concrete and brick and faced with marble. The pyramid is exactly one-twentieth of the size of Cheops, and it was probably designed by Cestus to be an enduring monument to him. To the right of this pyramid is the tomb of Keats, which will appeal to all lovers of *The Eve of St. Agnes* and the *Ode On a Grecian Urn* because of its pathos:

This grave
Contains all that was mortal
of
A young English poet
Who
On his death-bed,
In the bitterness of his heart
At the malicious power of his enemies,
Desired
These words to be written on his tombstone:
"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."
February 27, 1824.

If the tourist has only a short time to spend in Rome he will find it profitable to attend the lectures delivered by several professors amid the scenes which they describe. It was my good fortune to hear several lectures by Professor L. Reynaud, an accomplished Roman scholar, who is an admirable talker with a genuine gift of humor.

HADRIAN'S TOMB AND HIS VILLA AT TIVOLI

IN any view of Rome one of the most conspicuous objects is the round fortress known as the Castle of St. Angelo. It has come down straight from the time of Hadrian, who planned it for his tomb. The Emperor was buried in it, as well as five of his successors, but a century after his death it was converted into a fortress, and as such it was the scene of some of the fiercest fighting in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Hadrian built this tomb with massive walls, which have defied Goths and Vandals. The marble carving was removed as well as the beautiful marble statues that once adorned the top of the walls, but the remainder of the building stands to-day as it was erected by the greatest builder among the Romans.

The Borgia family built an underground passage from the castle to the Vatican and the Popes took advantage of this to seek safety in the castle when they were hard pressed by their enemies. The castle is now one of the most interesting museums in Rome, as many relics have been preserved here of famous prisoners within its walls. You are shown the cell in which Beatrice Cenci and her mother spent their last days before the final condemnation, as well as the cell that held the ingenious Benvenuto Cellini. From the appearance of the walls and the door of this cell it is plain that

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the famous sculptor was permitted to escape, as without aid he never could have freed himself from this living tomb.

Here are preserved the various instruments of torture which were used by Popes and others to force confessions from prisoners. Pope Sixtus IV has the evil reputation of having retained a doctor to keep prisoners alive in order that they might endure the full limit of torture. The cells and oubliettes in this castle give one a vivid idea of the cruelty with which prisoners were treated in those days when the common people had no rights. The whole place reeks with blood and lust.

One of the best excursions outside Rome is to Tivoli and Hadrian's villa. Tivoli was celebrated in the early history of Rome as the place where the enemies of that city always gathered, but finally the Romans had their revenge. They conquered the place in 338 B. C., and after that Tivoli became one of the most popular of summer resorts and near it were built the villas of prominent Romans. To-day it is a picturesque hill city, with a portion of an old Roman temple of Hercules.

The Arno used to pass through scores of holes in the rocks and form more than one hundred waterfalls just below Tivoli, but when Gregory XVI was in the papal chair, a landslide occurred at Tivoli which caused many deaths. The Pope decided that the waterfalls had undermined the earth and thus led to the disaster; so he had the waters diverted into a single channel and by boring a tunnel through the rock he converted many small cascades into one fine waterfall. Over on the other side of the canyon, beyond the waterfall, is a house which stands on the site of the villa of Horace, the Latin poet, who has sung of the beauty of Tivoli and its falling waters.

HADRIAN'S TOMB AND VILLA AT TIVOLI

Near Tivoli is the Villa d'Este, one of the most beautiful of Italian gardens. Originally, in the middle of the eleventh century, it was laid out for Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, who was the son of the Duke of Ferrara and Lucrezia Borgia. The grounds are arranged on a side hill, and from the terrace on the highest level a superb view may be had of the whole Campagna stretching away to Rome. The dome of St. Peter's is clearly visible, as is the old Roman road which leads to the city.

The glory of this villa is several rows of magnificent cypress trees, the tallest in the world, planted in the year that Columbus discovered America. They seem to flourish in this damp soil and their dark green foliage fits in with the amber-colored statuary and the moss-grown marble balustrades. The villa has passed into the possession of the Austrian royal family, and it is badly cared for. The gardens give one a good idea of the magnificence of Italian life in the sixteenth century.

Not far from Tivoli are the ruins of Hadrian's villa, one of the most remarkable sights in Italy. Hadrian was the greatest traveler of all the Roman Emperors and when he decided to retire as the active head of the empire, he amused himself by duplicating the most interesting things he had seen in his journeys. In this villa he reproduced the Academy, the Lyceum and the Poekile of Athens, a theater at Corinth, the Temple of Serapis at Canopus and the pyramid of Gizeh. In walking over the ruins one may see the remains of the Greek theater and of many other buildings. The whole place feeds the imagination and gives one a glimpse of the splendors of Imperial Rome.

FLORENCE AND ITS MANY ART TREASURES

ANY lover of Dante and Petrarch, of Michelangelo and Raphael cannot fail to feel a thrill when first entering Florence, the Italian city which most completely represents the beauty and the spirituality of the Renaissance. And, when it is added that this was the favorite field of Savonarola and the scene of his cruel death, nothing more is needed to commend it. Florence is beautifully situated on the banks of the Arno, along which the train runs from Arezzo. The city is surrounded by hills which bear a striking resemblance to the hills about San Francisco, in their rounded forms as well as in their coloring.

When you leave the railroad station and drive through the city, its mediæval character impresses you. Here are solid stone pavements which have been in continuous use since the times of the Medici. Here are massive palaces, with small grilled lower windows, that could easily be converted into fortresses to withstand a long siege. Your carriage passes an open gallery of sculpture and a great, fortress-like building with a tower, which you recognize from the pictures you have seen, as the Palazzo Vecchio, the home of the Medici and the scene of Savonarola's imprisonment and torture. In front of this grim palace Savonarola and two other priests were burned to death by the same Florentine mob

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that only a few months before hung breathless on the eloquent words of this Dominican friar. Michelangelo's statue of David and Benvenuto Cellini's Perseus holding up the head of Medusa now look down on the place of death of this monk, who tried to induce the gay Florentines to lead better lives.

The first walk around Florence is one long to be remembered. From my hotel it was only a short distance to the Duomo, or Cathedral, with Giotto's Campanile and Baptistry. All these buildings are of black and white marble, the white badly blackened by the weather. The facade of the Cathedral is imposing, although it is comparatively new; but the Campanile, designed by Giotto, is the finest thing architecturally to be seen in Florence. Ruskin declared it was the only building in the world which could not be improved in any detail.

In going from the Piazza del Duomo down to the Piazza della Signoria you pass through a number of narrow, crowded streets. The houses are tall and massively built, but the finest is the Strozzi Palace, built of rustic granite. This palace was erected for one of the great enemies of the Medici and it stood several sieges. In the end the Medici overthrew the Strozzi and this palace passed into other hands. The Piazza della Signoria is a large square, paved with stone slabs. On one side rises the Palazzo Vecchio, with its impressive tower. It was originally used by the officers of the Florentine republic, but afterward became the home of Cosimo I, the founder of the Medicean dynasty.

On the lower side of the square is the Loggia dei Lanzi, an open portico, beautified with masterpieces of statuary in marble and bronze. It was designed as a place for public functions or a rostrum for speakers. Here are Cellini's bronze statue of

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Perseus holding up the severed head of Medusa, Donatello's bronze Judith and Holofernes, the marble group of the Rape of the Sabines by Bologna, Menelaus with the body of Patroclus, and Bologna's Hercules and Nessus. Three of these are masterpieces of the first class.

In front of the palace is now a copy of Michelangelo's heroic figure of the young David and Bologna's bronze equestrian statue of Cosimo I. This massing of these masterpieces in bronze and marble is characteristic of Florence, whose makers were eager that it should be the most beautiful of Italian cities. Beyond the Loggia is the long and splendid facade of the Uffizi Palace, now one of the greatest art galleries in the world.

Florence is built on both sides of the Arno and the quays which run along the water's edge are called Lungarno. One of the finest, bears the name of Amerigo Vespucci, the navigator who had the honor of having the continent Columbus discovered, named after him. The Arno is carefully walled up on each side and is spanned by six bridges, the most picturesque of which is the Ponte Vecchio. Near this bridge the old houses on the south bank of the river, form one of the most picturesque views. They rise directly from the water to the height of six or seven stories, with many curious buttresses and balconies. With their tiled roofs and discolored walls they present a picture of mediæval homes such as may be seen in few European cities. Here along the south bank of this river everything is mellowed with age; nothing seems to have been retouched for hundreds of years. Over the river on the north side are the spick and span new quays and the great hotels built to accommodate the globe-trotter who thinks he can "do" Florence in two days. On the

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south side of the river are many narrow streets, not over ten feet wide, which follow the winding course of the river. The houses are very old, with few windows on the street floor, and with massive oaken doors, studded with wrought iron spikes.

One of the buildings in Florence which makes the deepest impression on the stranger is the Palazzo Vecchio. It was long the residence of the Medici, that remarkable family which owed its rise to its success in medicine and which was not ashamed to place pills on its coat of arms. Although Florence was nominally a republic, Cosimo de Medici ruled it like a despot and his successors wielded the same power. But these Medici, although they gave the people no share in the government, did everything in their power to beautify the city and make it the home of art and literature. Under Lorenzo the Magnificent, this reached its height, and to him the Renaissance in Italy owed much of its splendor.

Here in this Palazzo Vecchio may be found works by many famous artists. The later decoration by Vasari and others is very striking. One of the finest rooms is now used by the Council of Florence. Higher up in the tower is a room, with a small window facing the south, in which Savonarola was confined during the few days before he was burned at the stake. Down in the square, almost in the shadow of the equestrian figure of Cosimo, the ruler to whom he had refused absolution, is a bronze plate in the pavement which marks the spot of the martyrdom of Savonarola. Any reader of *Romola* will recall the two great scenes in that novel—one in which the fiery monk induced the great multitude that hung on his words to make a bonfire of all their ornaments; the other, which pictures the terrible death of the man who saved Romola from

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spiritual despair. George Eliot's historical romance is worth careful reading for its beautiful pictures of Florence and for its study of the spiritual relations of an unselfish woman and a priest, who was consumed with desire to make the world better.

The Piazzo del Duomo contains three structures that together have made Florence famous for over five hundred years. The first is the Baptistry, an octagonal structure, which served as a cathedral until the building of the Duomo in the fourteenth century. The Baptistry, in which all children born in Florence must be baptized, is mainly noteworthy to-day because of its three magnificent bronze doors, the two finest of which were made by Ghiberti. One represents, in twenty-eight sections, the history of Christ, while the other and better known depicts ten scenes from sacred history. Architects have seen in the construction of the Baptistry and its dome the influence of the Pantheon at Rome. The Cathedral or Duomo was ordered built by a popular vote in 1294, but it was not completed until 1436. The dome was executed by Brunelleschi, who secured the work by public competition. The facade of the Cathedral is modern, but, despite the criticisms of many experts, it seems to me that it fits the general design of the building and is unusually impressive.

Adjoining the Cathedral is the Campanile or bell tower, designed by Giotto. Ruskin, in his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, declares that power and beauty exist in their highest degree only in this building. The Campanile is two hundred and seventy-six feet in height, a square structure of four stories, with beautiful windows ornamented with Italian Gothic tracery, and with many statues and bas-reliefs. From whatever side one views the Campanile it satisfies the eye completely.

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Florence is as famous for its pictures as for its architecture and its statuary. Three buildings house three great collections. The first, in the Uffizi Palace designed by Vasari, is the greatest. The finest bit of sculpture in these galleries is the Venus de Medici, found in Hadrian's villa. Of the paintings it is impossible to do more than touch upon some of the greatest. Here may be seen a whole room full of Sandro Botticelli's masterpieces, of which the greatest is Venus rising from a sea-shell. Correggio has several superb pictures, among which I liked best "The Repose in Egypt," and Michelangelo is seen in only one canvas—a fine Holy Family with splendid coloring and with a number of nude figures in the background that are perfectly drawn, but have no connection with the picture. Of Titian, Tintoretto, Leonardo and other masters there are several specimens, besides a large number of pictures of the German and Flemish schools, including some interesting specimens of Albert Dürer's work. In fact, this series of richly ornamented rooms is so full of fine statuary and pictures that it would require many days to study them as they deserve. I spent two days in this gallery and felt well repaid for my time and effort.

A long gallery which extends across the Arno joins the Uffizi and the Pitti galleries. The latter are in the Pitti Palace, built in the fifteenth century for Luca Pitti, one of the bitter enemies of the Medici. Pitti boasted that he would have the finest house of any private citizen of Florence, but it was not many years before misfortunes fell upon him and a century later the palace passed into the hands of the wife of Cosimo I. The long gallery which you walk through on the way from the Uffizi to the Pitti Palace is lined with portraits of the Popes

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and of many other famous people, many of them hung in such dark places that they cannot be seen even on sunshiny days. The Pitti gallery has a dozen of Raphael's works, among which the finest are two Madonnas, the portraits of Leo X and Julius II, and the picture of the painter's sweetheart, whom tradition has incorrectly represented as a baker's daughter. The face of this woman shows rare refinement and charm.

Titian is represented here by more than a half-dozen masterpieces. The finest is the heads of three musicians, called "The Concert," which has been reproduced in many ways but which gives one fresh delight when seen in the colors that the master used. It is usually attributed to Giorgione, but the ablest critics assign it to Titian. Other great pictures by Titian are "The Magadalen," "The Bella" and portraits of Ippolito de Medici and of a young Englishman, supposed to be Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk. The latter is a splendid canvas, the dark, refined face standing out as though alive. Here also are masterpieces by Perugino, Velasquez, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Rubens and Botticelli. The eye soon tires of this wealth of color and it requires several visits to get these pictures properly placed in the memory.

Another picture gallery which is worth some study is the Accademia di Belli Arti. It has a collection of pictures of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which give admirable material for the study of the development of Florentine art. Here are seen fine specimens of the work of Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi, Botticelli and Ghirlandajo. The most celebrated picture in the collection is Botticelli's "Spring," so familiar from countless reproductions of "Mercury" and the "Three Graces".

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Of statuary the finest thing is the original of Michelangelo's "David." This was carved from a block of marble that had been spoiled. For over three hundred and fifty years this great statue stood in front of the Palazzo Vecchio; then in 1873 it was removed to this gallery and a copy was substituted. It should have been allowed to stay near the other masterpieces of sculpture out in the open.

Another great piece of Michelangelo's work may be seen in the tombs that he carved for the Medicis in the New Sacristy of San Lorenzo Cathedral. Under the figure of Giuliano de Medici the sculptor carved two figures which are called Day and Night; under the thoughtful figure of Lorenzo he wrought two figures known as Twilight and Dawn. All these figures are very beautiful, but they depress you, for in them you seem to see the famous sculptor's idea that it was useless to struggle against fate. An ardent lover of liberty, he was forced to carve these memorials to the men who deprived his favorite city of its freedom. In the old Franciscan Church of Santa Croce may be found Vasari's monument to Michelangelo, with a bust by Lorenzi which shows how the sculptor's nose was refined by age and suffering. Here also are the tombs of Alfieri the poet, and of Macchiavelli whose name is a synonym for duplicity.

Florence is so rich in memorials of the Italian Renaissance that one comes upon them at every turn. The city is rich also in beautiful suburbs, the finest of which is Fiesole, from which a splendid view may be gained of the city, the Arno and the surrounding country. Many days may be spent with pleasure and profit in Florence, which shares with Rome the power of appealing to any lover of history, art or beauty in nature.

VENICE, CITY OF ROMANCE AND BEAUTY

THE charm of Venice lies in its unlikeness to any other place. You may have read of its canals and its lagoons, its palaces and its prisons, its gondolas that glide mysteriously through dark stretches of glassy water, but the reality comes upon you with unexpected force. My arrival was at night and my introduction to the Grand Canal and the smaller canals was made on the way from the railroad station to the hotel. It was a half hour's ride in a gondola and it was a fitting prelude to six days of sight-seeing in this curious old city of the Adriatic. The gondola was black; the waters of the canal were inky black; the only sign of life was the splashing of the paddles of the gondoliers and their cries as they approached a sharp turn in the canal. High on each side towered houses, also black as night. An occasional light on an iron cresset cast its rays far over the oily water.

Soon we passed from a side canal into the Grand Canal, whose borders were marked by a series of lights at the doorways of the palaces. Romance and mystery brooded over this expanse of water which had seen in the heyday of Venice some magnificent pageants, such as the annual wedding of the city to the Adriatic. As the gondola neared the brilliantly lighted platform in front of the hotel, the deep tones of a great bell sounded ten o'clock, and a number

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of smaller bells repeated the strokes. Then silence fell again, broken only by the occasional hoarse warning of a gondolier.

The modern hotel in Venice has a fierce struggle with its sixteenth century environment. All the hotels are located in ancient palaces, many of them fronting on the Grand Canal. The electric light and running water have been introduced, but this is as far as modernization has gone. No attempt has been made to clean up the fronts of these old palaces, many of which are blackened by the salt sea winds. The rooms are huge, the halls vast, the modern landlord mourns over the waste of good rentable space devoted to spacious reception rooms and hallways. The result is that you seem to be dwelling in a baronial castle on some enchanted island, and this illusion is emphasized by the lapping of the waters of the Grand Canal under your window.

In the morning when you look out the first thing that meets your gaze is the long reach of the Grand Canal; near by is the golden ball over the Custom-house and the beautiful lines of the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. Down the canal stretch two rows of palaces, their fronts gleaming in the sunlight. The canal is full of gondolas, which are tossed about like corks by the wash of a passing ferry-boat. In the harbor, beyond the Custom-house, are several ocean steamers. Everything looks bright and clear and the longing comes upon you to get out upon the canal and make the acquaintance of Venice near at hand.

The Venetian gondolier used to dress in fancy costume, with a brilliant red sash; now he wears ready-made clothes and a sweater. But he hasn't forgotten the gay spirits of his ancestors. He sings at his work and he calls out for your edification the

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names of the palaces as you go by. Venetian architecture always appealed to me in photographs and the reality was not disappointing. The massing of the Gothic windows in many of these palaces is singularly attractive; while the richly ornamented doorways furnish a constant source of pleasure to the eye. My hotel, built in the pointed style of the fifteenth century, was formerly the Palazzo Giustiniani. Chateaubriand and Ruskin lived at this hotel many years ago, and just before her death George Eliot spent several weeks here. In one of the front rooms Verdi was inspired by a terrible storm, which swept across the lagoon and thundered against the house, to write the fourth act of "*Riggoletto*." Here also Wagner wrote parts of "*Tristan and Isolde*."

Going down the Grand Canal, among the noteworthy houses are the Palazzo Contarini-Fasan, "the House of Desdamona," a small three-story structure with a highly ornamental front; the Palazzo Rezzonico, a magnificent building in which Robert Browning died; the two Palazzos Giustiniani, in one of which Howells wrote his *Venetian Life*, and in the other Wagner wrote the fourth act of "*Tristan and Isolde*;" the Palazzo Mocenigo, the home of Lord Byron in 1815; the Palazzo Grimani, the finest Renaissance building on the canal, now occupied by the Court of Appeals; the Palazzo Manin, the home of the last Doge of Venice, now the Bank of Italy; the Ca d'Oro, or Golden House, the handsomest palace on the canal, with a double set of Gothic windows, and the Signory's Palace, now converted into a hotel, once the abode of George Sand and Alfred de Musset during that tour which began so auspiciously and ended so tempestuously in bitter quarrels and two books of biting satire.

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Many of these palaces are built of white marble, which is blackened in places by the sea winds. It is singular that this blackening does not follow any regular rule. Sometimes it is the heavy cornice over the door, sometimes the spaces under the window ledges, but frequently a black stripe extends clear across the front of the building. Many of the buildings are plastered brick, and these do not seem to show the effects of the atmosphere like the marble palaces. The favorite color is a rich yellow. These palaces are all built on piles and the walls rise directly from the water. All are provided with imposing entrances and fine marble stairs, and in front of most of them wooden poles are erected for the protection of gondolas. A stately life the ancient Venetians led in these great palaces, with their wide halls and spacious rooms, many of them finely ornamented with frescoes on the walls and the ceilings. The Grand Canal is spanned by three bridges, the most picturesque of which is the Bridge of the Rialto, with small shops on each side of the steps.

The heart of Venice is the Square of St. Mark, laid out in the old days like the Forum of Rome. At one end is St. Mark's Cathedral and the Doge's Palace, while the other three sides are filled with the two palaces of the nine Procurators and the Atrio, erected in 1810. These three buildings are all of three stories, and their ground floors are a series of arcades, containing shops and restaurants. The square is paved with marble and in front of the church rises the great Campanile, three hundred and twenty-two feet in height, which fell to the ground in 1902, but which is now restored in finer style. Some critics have declared that the Campanile dwarfs the church and that St. Mark's Square would be more artistic without this tower.

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Entering the square of St. Mark by one of the narrow streets the effect is bewildering. The Cathedral looks as though it were made of iridescent shell, the sunlight bringing out new shades every hour. Its architecture is Byzantine, with domes in the center and at the end of each arm of the Greek cross that forms the body of the edifice. The front is richly decorated in colors and gold and gorgeous mosaics, and, as Ruskin well says, its effect depends "on its color, and that the most subtle, variable, inexpressible color in the world—the color of glass, of transparent alabaster, of polished marble and lustrous gold." Over the main door are the four horses in gilded bronze which once surmounted the triumphal arch of Titus in Rome. From Rome they were taken to Constantinople and the Venetians captured them with that city. They impressed Napoleon so much that he carried them to Paris to adorn his Arch of Triumph but after his downfall, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria restored them to Venice.

To the left of the church is the great clock tower, which forms the last building on the north side of the Piazza. It is of four stories. The first is an arch, supported by marble pillars; the second is the big blue and gold dial; the third is made up of a gilded statue of the Madonna, and the fourth, which is really a tower, presents a figure of a doge kneeling before a lion, both in half relief against a background of blue with golden stars. The clock tower is surmounted by two colossal bronze figures, the "Two Moors," which strike the hours with hammers on a bronze bell.

It is impossible in a few words to give any idea of the richness of the interior of St. Mark's. Mosaics, sculpture, gilding and carved ivory are lavished

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here with Oriental magnificence. The high altar is ablaze with jewels and behind it is a second altar with four spiral columns of alabaster, two of which are translucent. Tradition says that these columns came direct from the temple of Solomon.

The decoration of St. Mark's is Byzantine in color and richness; the pavement is formed of many colored marble; the walls are incrustated with precious stones in mosaic of the most intricate patterns; gold is laid on with a lavish hand. Barbaric is the only word that applies to this decoration which is in such great contrast to the rich but more chaste decoration of St. Peter's in Rome. But it must be borne in mind that the builders of St. Mark's and the many beautiful homes on the Grand Canal were men who for years had had intimate relations with the Orient. These Venetian Grantees were merchants who knew the values of Oriental gems and precious stones as well as though they lived in Colombo or Bombay. But they were also Italians who were profoundly influenced by the Gothic spirit as well as by the finest models of Greek sculpture and architecture. The combination produced this unique church which seems to differ in appearance every time one sees it. I liked it best at early morning when the sunlight from the lagoon gave it the tint of a great seashell. But the interior may be seen best at high-noon on a sunny day when rifts of light through the openings in the dome brought to view brilliant mosaics glowing with the wealth of the Indies. The great curiosity in the church is the Pala d'Oro, a masterpiece of the goldsmith's work, once studded with priceless stones, now a mere make-believe with paste jewels.

To the left of the church is the Palace of the Doges, the most striking building in Venice. Its

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effective feature is a double arcade in Gothic style, which extends around two sides of the building. The capitals of the columns are richly decorated and the whole effect of the facade is so gorgeous that it does not suffer by contrast with the Cathedral. The entrance to the Palace is by the golden stairs, which could be trod only by those whose names were inscribed as nobles in the Golden Book. On the upper floor are the great rooms in which the officials of the Republic held their meetings. Here are waiting-rooms, the Doge's reception room, the meeting place of the Senate, the room of the Council of Ten, the chamber of the Three Inquisitors and the hall of the Great Council. All these rooms have magnificent ceilings and their walls are adorned with masterpieces by Paolo Veronese, Titian, Tintoretto, Bassano and other artists.

In the wall of one of these rooms in the Doge's Palace may be seen the Lion's Mouth, in which were placed written accusations against any member of the Republic. The old lion's head on the outside has been nearly chiseled away, but its faint outlines may be made out. Going down a flight of stairs, a passageway takes you out upon the famous Bridge of Sighs which connects the palace with the prisons on the other side of a narrow canal. Sentiment need not be wasted on this bridge, however, as it was never used by any of the famous prisoners confined here. You may see the dark dungeons and the chamber where prisoners were tortured, but the old prisons under the leaden roof of the palace have been destroyed.

The Doge's Palace is one of the most interesting buildings in the world, as it shows the magnificence of this government of a Republic founded on commerce. The Republic was a republic only

VENICE, CITY OF ROMANCE AND BEAUTY

in name, for all the power was practically in the hands of the Council of Ten, an oligarchy of nobles.

Opposite the side of the palace is the piazzetta, which is bounded on the west by the Library, a splendid building by Sansovino, consisting of a double colonnade with arches and embedded columns. At the south end near the lagoon are two granite columns, one surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, the other by St. Theodore, patron saint of the Republic, standing on a crocodile. The Square of St. Mark in the heyday of the Republic, was the chief gathering place of the people. Here from the great door of the palace were read the decrees of the Council. And on Palm Sunday pigeons were sent out and found nests in adjacent buildings.

From this came the custom of protecting pigeons in this square. For many years down to the end of the Republic the state cared for these pigeons; now they are kept sleek and fat by the tourists and the children of Venice, who buy corn and peas of a privileged vender. One of the pretty sights of Venice is a flock of these tame pigeons feeding from the hand of a little child.

The Venetians seem to have an abundance of leisure. At noon and again between five and six o'clock in the afternoon the open-air cafes that line the Square of St. Mark are crowded with people drinking coffee and liqueurs and eating cakes. In the afternoon the military band plays on several days and the crowd promenades up and down the square. With the sunlight gleaming on the gold and colors of St. Mark, with the pigeons wheeling in the air, with the stirring music of the band and with the laughter and gay talk of the merry crowds, this square presents a spectacle that can be matched in few cities of the world.

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Venice is rich in art collections, but it must suffice here to glance at only a few of the best pictures by the great masters. The most famous painting in the Academy is the "Assumption of the Virgin," by Titian, which reminds one of Raphael's "Transfiguration" in the beauty of its composition and the splendor of its coloring. In the same room is Tintoretto's "St. Mark Rescuing a Slave" and Paul Veronese's "Madonna Enthroned With Saints"—two masterpieces. Other noteworthy pictures are "Jesus in the House of Levi," by Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto's "Descent From the Cross."

A score of churches in Venice will richly repay the tourist who visits them. Among these the finest is the Frari, a Gothic church built in the early part of the fifteenth century. It contains a fine monument to Titian, and an altar piece by Titian, which some critics regard as superior to the "Assumption." The Church of Santa Maria della Salute is noteworthy for its perfect dome and its pictures by Titian. Santi Giovanni e Paulo, in the Italian Gothic style, contains the tombs of the Doges; Santa Maria dei Gesuiti is lined with marble inlaid with verd antique and it possesses an altar piece by Tintoretto and a fine Titian.

The best statue in Venice is the bronze equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni, a famous General of the Republic. It was modeled by Verrocchio, the teacher of Leonardo da Vinci, and it fully justifies Ruskin's high praise. The soldier sits his horse in splendid fashion and the whole figure gives the impression of a fighter and a leader of men.

Venice in its history, its art and its architecture is unique, while its miles of canals, its ancient houses and its picturesque bridges furnish material that is the despair of the artist.



PLATE XVII

General View of Naples
and Its Beautiful
Harbor, With Vesu-
vius in the Distance
The Island at the
Right is the Ancient
Megaris of Pliny,
On which stood the
Villa of Lucullus.
Now the Island is
covered by the Castel
dell' Ovo, Once a
Strong Fort, Now
a Military Prison

PLATE XVIII

Remains of the Forum
in Pompeii, With
Vesuvius, Which Des-
troyed the City, in
the Background. The
Forum, Five Hundred
and Fifteen Feet Long
and One Hundred and
Seven Feet Wide,
Was Paved With Slabs
of Lava and Adorn-
ed With Many Sta-
tues of Gods and
Heroes. Around the
Forum was a Cov-
ered Colonnade



PLATE XIX

The Castle of St. Angelo, Rome, Originally Built by the Emperor Hadrian for His Mausoleum; Now

One of the Most Interesting Museums of Italian Medieval History, Here are Dark Dungeons and Instruments of Torture, and Here also is a Fine Collection of Relics of Michael Angelo

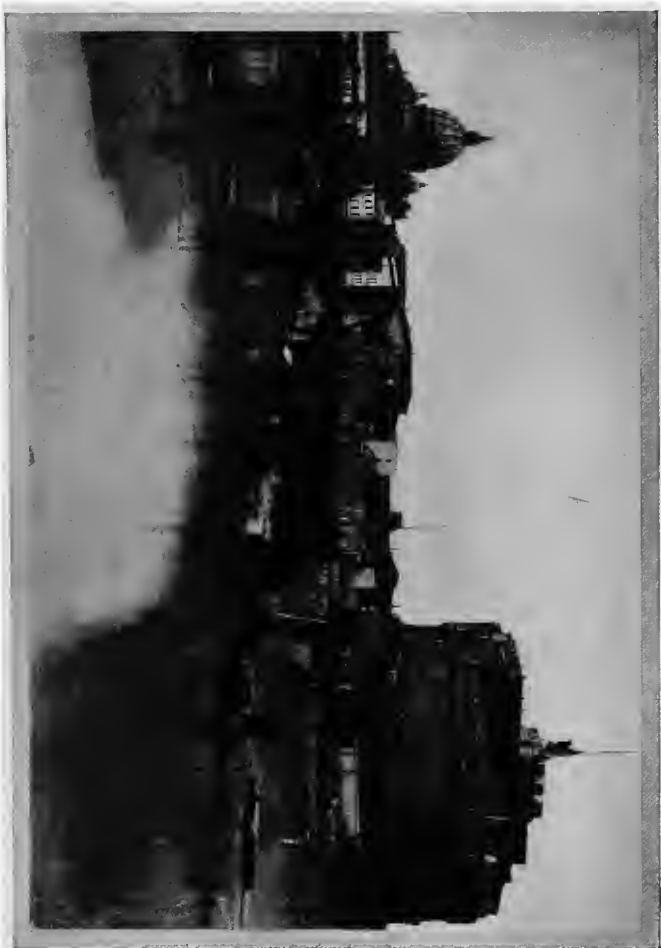


PLATE XX
General View of the
Roman Forum,
Showing the Arch
of Septimius Severus
and the Eight Columns
of the Temple of
Saturn in the
Foreground



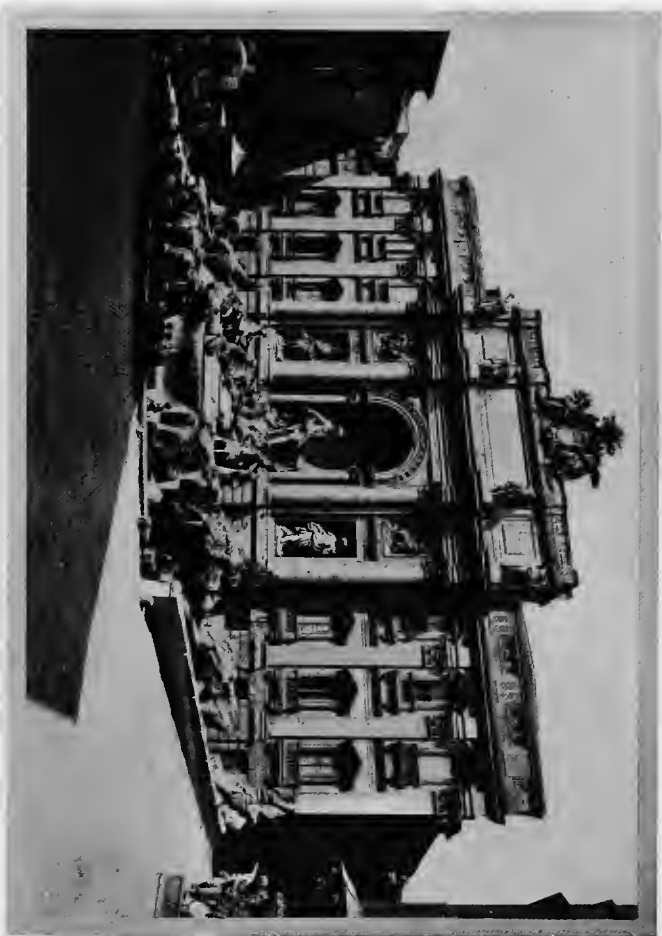


PLATE XXI
The Fountain of Trevi,
the Largest and
Most Beautiful of
the Fountains of
Rome, Built by Pope
Clement XII, with
White Marble Stripped
From the Tomb of
Cecilia Metella on
the Appian Way.
The Legend is if You
Drink of the Foun-
tain's Water and
Throw a Coin Into
the Basin, You
Will See Rome
Again

PLATE XXII
 St. Peter's at Rome,
 From the Piazza
 in Front, Showing
 the Obelisk From Heli-
 opolis, Which Once
 Stood in Nero's
 Circus, and the Foun-
 tains Before the
 Graceful Colonnades.
 The Colonnades
 Are Four Pillars Deep
 and Are Very
 Impressive



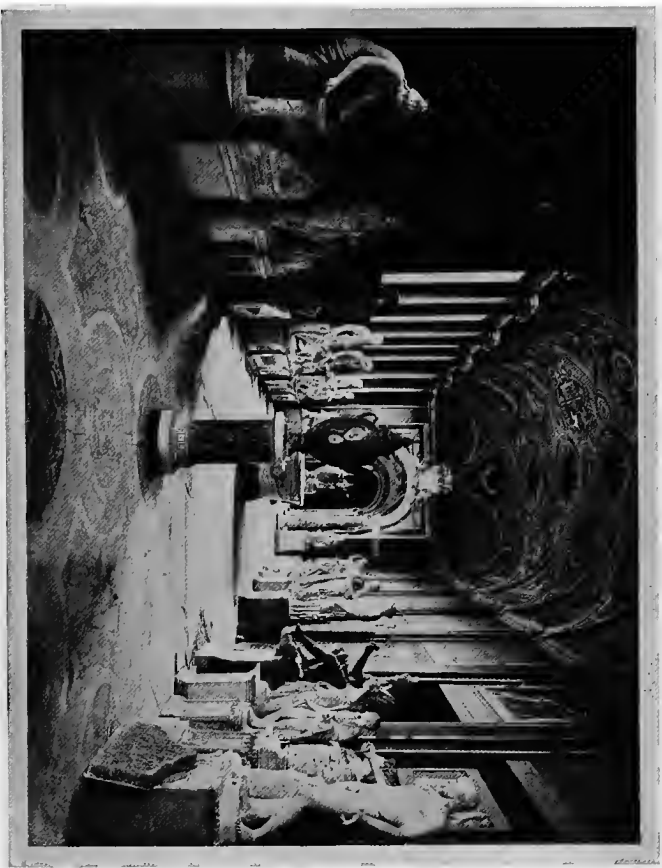


PLATE XXIII
One of the Galleries
of Statuary in the
Vatican at Rome.
There are Hundreds
of These Greek
and Roman Statues,
Of Which Perhaps a
Score Are Genuine
Masterpieces Worthy
of Study. All These
Vatican Galleries
Have Magnificently
Decorated Ceilings

PLATE XXIV

Monument to Three
Stuarts in St. Peter's,
Rome — James III,
Charles III and
Henry IX, Cardinal
York. This is One of
the Best of Canova's
Works. The Figures
Represent the Angels
of Death and
Resurrection, Both
Beautifully Carved
in Marble





PLATE XXV

The Great Cypresses in the Villa d'Este, Near Tivoli, Planted
in the Same Year That Columbus Discovered America. The Villa
Was Built by Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, Whose
Mother Was Lucrezia Borgia

PLATE XXVI

The Interior of the
Roman Colosseum,
Showing the Arrange-
ment of the Seats
and the Under-
ground Passages Lead-
ing to the Arena.
A part of the Floor
of the Arena has
been Restored.
The Colosseum Scat-
tered Seventy Thou-
sand



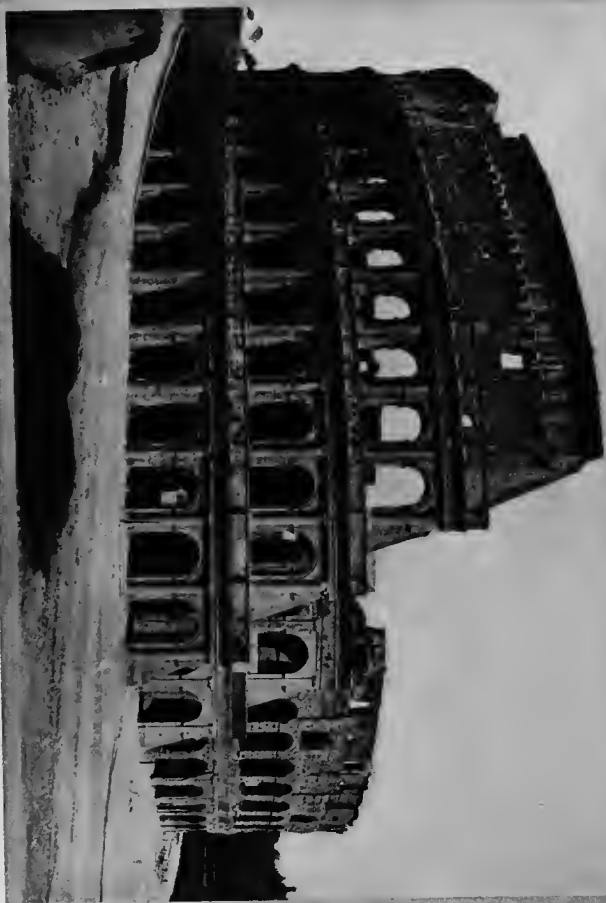


PLATE XXVII

The Ruins of the Colosseum of Rome, the most Impressive of all the Remains of the Cæsars. It was Built by the Flavian Emperors Vespasian and Titus, on the Site of Nero's Golden House. It Witnessed Many Great Gladiatorial Combats and the Martyrdom of Thousands of Christians

PLATE XXVIII

Picturesque Medieval
Houses on the Bank of
the Arno in Florence.
They Rise Directly
from the Water
and Give an Impres-
sion of Great Age.
This is a Good Picture
"Of Golden Arno as
It Shoots Away
Through Florence,"
Heart Beneath
Her Bridges
Four,"





PLATE XXIX
The Square of St.
Mark, Venice, with
Church and the Cam-
panile, and a Glimpse
of the Palace of the
Doges, at the
Right in the Back-
ground. On Each
Side is a Colonnaded
Palace, the Lower
Floor Given Up to Fine
Shops and Restau-
rants. The Best
Experts Call This the
Most Beautiful
Square in the
World

PLATE XXX

The Palace of the
Doges and the Little
Square of St. Mark
at Venice, seen from
the Grand Canal. The
Facade of this Palace
is the Finest in
all Europe



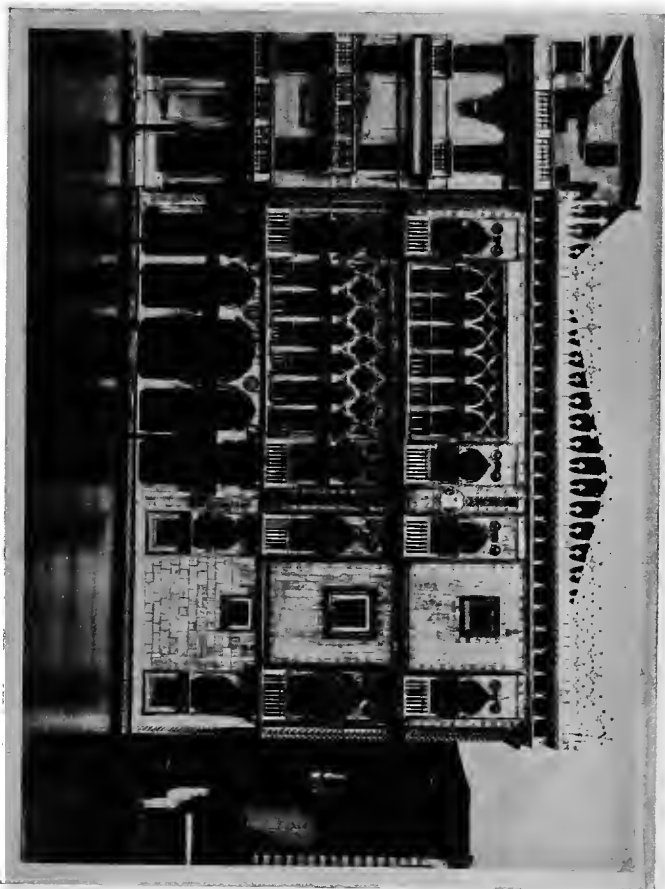


PLATE XXXI

Cad' Oro or House of
Gold, the Most
Elaborate of the Vene-
tian Palaces on the
Grand Canal.

The Window Tracery
has much of the
Beauty of the Work
in the Doges'
Palace



PLATE XXXII

**The Historic Bridge of Sighs, Connecting the Palace of the
Doges in Venice With the Prison Across the Rio Canal. Over this
Bridge Prisoners Condemned by the Council of Ten Were
Taken to the Terrible Dungeons of the Prison**

**FRANCE, LAND OF
ROMANCE, THRIFT AND
ARTISTIC LIFE**

MONTE CARLO AND ITS GILDED GAMBLING PALACE

To escape the severe cold which held fast in ice all the country north of the Alps, I crossed Northern Italy and journeyed to France by way of the Riviera. The ride from Venice to Genoa was tedious, although it was over historic ground, and for part of the way was in sight of the snow-crowned Alps.

This railroad ride across Northern Italy takes one through Vicenza, Verona, Brescia, and Milan. The long ride is relieved by exquisite views of the snow-clad Alps and of the string of Italian lakes, that are counted among the loveliest in all Europe. The night ride from Milan to Genoa was tiresome, but the sight of Genoa in the morning was one long to be remembered.

This ancient city which boasts that it was the birthplace of Columbus, is essentially a seaport, with a great mingling of races on its picturesque waterfront. Its palaces of sixteenth century noblemen are among the finest in Italy and it also has many interesting relics of the discovery of America. The Palazzo Doria is the most magnificent of the buildings reared to commemorate the glories of ancient families, and it stands as a monument to Andrea Doria, who established the supremacy of Genoa.

From Genoa to Nice the railroad ride gives one a succession of views of the Italian and French

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Riviera. The coast line is constantly cut by bold headlands, and the villages are perched on rocky crags. With their stuccoed walls and red-tiled roofs, the villas of wealthy foreigners give the whole coast the look of the background of a comic opera. There is a constant succession of tunnels, but as the train shoots out of one to enter another, the eye is caught by lovely glimpses of flashing blue sea and clear blue sky. The air is warm and still, for here we are under the shelter of the Maritime Alps where the cold winds from the north cannot reach. The train passes through Savona, Oneglia, San Remo, Ventimiglia, Mentone and Monte Carlo to Nice.

Nice is the favorite pleasure ground for all Europe, but here, as in Egypt, the English and Americans outnumber all other foreigners. The place lies well on a small bay and the main avenue along the waterfront is called the Boulevard des Anglais. Here is a broad esplanade always crowded by strangers, while the roadway is choked with two streams of carriages and motor cars. The ladies make a brave show of furs and diamonds and the atmosphere is redolent of wealth and fashion. On the seaside is a great casino, while on the other is an unbroken line of palatial hotels and private villas.

With its rows of shade trees and palms this is a magnificent avenue. It was originally begun by English residents and visitors in 1822 to furnish work to the unemployed. Nice was the birthplace of Garibaldi and of Massena, one of the ablest of Napoleon's marshals, and there are noble statues of both. It is a pleasure city pure and simple, and many excursions may be made to places of interest in the vicinity. Among these the most famous is Monte Carlo, which may be reached by a short ride on the steam cars or by the pleasanter electric railway.

MONTE CARLO AND GAMBLING PALACE

Monte Carlo is probably the best-known place in Europe, and few tourists fail to try their luck at the roulette tables. It is this extraordinary advertising which has made the Casino so enormously profitable. The principality of Monaco, when it fell to Prince Albert of the old family of Grimaldi about forty years ago, scarcely yielded revenue enough to maintain him; but the shrewd scheme of establishing a great gambling resort at this prettiest spot on the Riviera has made him a multi-millionaire. For years he has drawn a huge revenue from the gambling company which runs the Casino. A few years ago he had the stirrings of ambition to be known as something beside the owner of the greatest gambling house in the world. So he took up the study of oceanography, and in a few years he has become known as the largest contributor to the world's knowledge of the creatures that dwell in the deep sea. He has built a large museum near the Casino, to which he is constantly adding new specimens of marine life. This may be nothing more than a fad, but it certainly puts illicit gains to better use than pouring them into the greedy hands of the courtizans of Paris.

The Prince receives about six hundred thousand dollars a year for the gambling concession and it is reported about as much more from customs' receipts and taxes on business. He also draws a large revenue from the half franc or ten cent tax on those who stay longer than fifteen days in the principality. The Prince is a thrifty soul and he has a son and heir who also has a keen eye to the main chance. This son, Prince Louis, had a daughter by a professional beauty of Paris, and this girl he utilized several years ago to increase his allowance from his father. The old man became very fond of the girl,

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so Prince Louis devised the abduction of the child from her grandfather's home in Paris and held her as a hostage. He demanded that she be given a legal name and title, and that he himself be granted an allowance of twenty thousand dollars a year, with payment of all his debts. The old Prince yielded and thus recovered his favorite.

To secure admittance to the Casino, one applies to an official near the entrance. He takes your name, nationality, residence, occupation, and your request, either for a single admission, or for a pass for a fortnight. A longer stay than two weeks subjects one to a trifling payment as a residence tax. After checking hat and overcoat, you present your admission slip and the guard allows you to enter the main hall. From this hall opens a suite of three magnificently decorated rooms, with many mirrors and paintings, and with lofty ceilings, in the center of which are the tables for roulette and baccarat.

The pictures are not particularly good, the most striking being a huge canvas filling one side of the first room, and supposed to portray "The Three Graces." Some caustic critic of Prince Albert's taste in art dubbed this "The Three Disgraces" and the name has stuck. No one now refers to it in any other way. It has the suggestiveness of some of Bouguereau's nudes, and the more one sees of it the less he likes it. It seems, however, to form a fitting background to the people usually seen around the roulette tables.

More than half of these patrons are evidently professional gamblers, who take no heed of the crowd that comes and goes. Their whole attention is fixed upon the play on this green board, with its parallelogram on which a lucky play may yield a small fortune. At each table are three attendants

MONTE CARLO AND GAMBLING PALACE

who furnish silver change for gold. One is the croupier, who announces when the play is to be made and who pays the winnings. He also spins the marble ball which flies around the roulette wheel and finally settles into one of the numbered spaces. No stake is accepted under five francs or one dollar.

Every seat at the roulette tables is occupied and there is a fringe of standing spectators and players from two to three deep. Each of the seated players has his fund of money in front of him. In most cases this is about evenly divided between gold and silver. About half the gamblers at the tables are women. The faces of these people are not pleasant. Of those at one table that I studied closely, only one had a fresh, unspoiled face. This was a richly dressed young woman, who looked to me as though she had set out to wager a certain amount of money for the mere sport of the game. She had about two hundred and fifty dollars in gold and silver in front of her and she was gradually adding to this heap by very carefully considered plays. She occasionally consulted a small note book and was evidently playing upon some system.

The others all had hard faces, deeply lined, and showing the same marks of mental strain that may be seen in the faces of automobile racing drivers. These lines, fixed by greed or envy or disappointment, could never be smoothed out in this world, for one felt in looking at these people that they would never give up this game. As well expect the poor dweller in a big city to leave the spectacle of blazing electric lights and the intoxication of huge crowds for the quiet and peace of the country.

Three at this table were old women, with faces so repulsive that one did not need to be told that life meant to them only the hope of winning a great

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stake, the desire to figure for a few moments as the envied one whose play had brought in thousands of francs. Their hands trembled, and you could see the gambler's passion in every movement. The men did not seem so much under the influence of the dominant passion as the women, but two who had evidently had hard luck, wore looks of great depression. One of these men had a small sheet of paper covered with calculations, but although he studied it carefully and played with great deliberation, he lost with monotonous regularity, while a man standing behind him, who played in a reckless way, won steadily. A venomous gleam of envy shot out of the losing man's eyes as he saw this careless gambler rake in coin that he was trying so desperately to win.

In walking about the rooms I saw only one sign of the tragedy that is always so near the surface of this gambling mania. Two women were seated on a divan in the corner of one of the roulette rooms. The elder was trying to comfort her companion, who was weeping bitterly. Suddenly at some word from her friend, the weeping woman threw up her hands with a gesture that said as plainly as words that she had lost everything.

For such as those who ruin themselves and have not enough money to return to their homes, the Casino authorities provide what is called a viaticum, or passage money which the loser is expected to repay. The coin is not paid over, but a railroad ticket is purchased and the victim is escorted to the train and seen to leave Monte Carlo. The names and addresses of these people who apply for this fund are taken, and should they fail to repay the loan, as is usually the case, they can never gain admittance to the Casino again.

MONTE CARLO AND GAMBLING PALACE

Many stories are told of the suicides at Monte Carlo, which are carefully concealed by the Casino authorities, but these tales are figments of the imagination. It is often reported that a gambler who takes his life on the grounds is hurried out of the principality and buried as an unknown in a potter's field maintained by the Casino; but there is no proof of the truth of these tales. In fact, everything shows that they are apocryphal, for there are too many strangers always in Monte Carlo to make it possible to dispose of bodies secretly in this way. The man who loses everything at the roulette table is carefully watched and is not allowed to make a scene or to take his own life.

The long ride from Nice to Paris may be made in fourteen hours by the train de luxe, which carries a good dining-car, but the American tourist should see to it that he is near this car when the manager goes through the train to deliver slips for seats at the tables. If you happen to be in the last car you will find that all the tickets for these first two tables have been taken, and that you will have to wait for the third table, a matter of two hours' delay, as everyone must finish and the tables be cleared before a new lot of patrons is admitted.

This ride, which is by way of Lyons, the third city in size and importance in France, gives one a good idea of rural France. There is little woodland, every acre seeming to be carefully cultivated. Especially picturesque are the vineyards and orchards, with vines and fruit trees trained on trellises in many artistic designs. Lyons at the junction of the Rhône and the Saône, handles half the silk produced by the world. It has noble quays and fine public buildings. Among famous men born in Lyons were Meissonier and Puvis de Chavannes.

PARIS, THE CITY OF MAGNIFICENT VISTAS

PARIS is a city of surprises and disappointments. As a place of magnificent vistas it surpasses one's conceptions; but its buildings and its statuary disappoint the tourist fresh from Italy. Its shops, which were once the wonder of Europe, are now easily surpassed in artistic quality by the shops of second-rate cities like Rome and Naples. Its gayety and brightness it has not lost, nor its fondness for the outdoor life of the cafes and boulevards and great public parks.

The first thing that strikes the tourist in Paris is the art with which the place has been converted into a city of magnificent vistas. On one side of the Seine a series of fine quays, with many statues and beautiful approaches to bridges, gives an aspect of spaciousness. On the other side a succession of open squares linked together with magnificent tree-lined boulevards charms the eye. On the left bank are the Eiffel Tower, the Trocadéro, the gilded dome of the Invalides, the fine towers of Notre Dame and the huge crown of the Panthéon. On the right bank are the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs-Élysées, with the two arches of triumph, the Tuileries and the Obelisk, the Column of July and the great mass of the Louvre. On the left bank the quays will average twenty feet in width; on the right bank the gardens of the Tuileries are fully fifteen

PARIS, THE CITY OF MAGNIFICENT VISTAS
hundred feet wide, while the Champs-Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne are noble avenues, flanked by triple rows of trees on each side.

The avenues are mainly paved with wooden blocks set upon a solid bed of concrete. They are kept beautifully clean by a small army of street sweepers, who flush the gutters on each side and use large brooms for collecting any refuse. In the Tuileries, the Place de Carrousel and the Place de la Concorde are fine fountains. Everywhere are statues and monuments, not so impressive as those in Rome or Florence, but far superior to any work in American cities, save a few statues that may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Nothing in Paris is so fine as the new monument to Victor Emmanuel in Rome, nor are there any fountains in the French capital that equal the Fountain of the Trevi or the Fountain of the Nymphs in the old city of the Cæsars.

What impresses one in Paris is the reverent care with which the name and the work of French men of genius are commemorated. It is common in America to find the names of statesmen and soldiers given to the streets of cities, but here in Paris scores of streets bear the names of authors, playwrights, painters and sculptors. Here we have the Avenue Victor Hugo, the street of Balzac, even the street of Zola. Over one hundred monuments have been reared to the memory of patriots, authors, artists and musicians. Many of these statues bear on their bases significant words which keep alive the virtues and the wisdom of these great men whom Paris loves to honor.

The history of the French Revolution may be learned from the epitaphs on the statues of the men who gave their lives that the people might enjoy

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liberty. Thus on the base of the statue of Danton, one of the greatest of the revolutionists, are these noble words: "After bread, the chief need of the people is education." Everywhere may be seen the care taken to preserve old relics and to perpetuate history by placing tablets on the walls of historic houses. In a vacant space by the side of the ancient Church of St. Germain-des-Pres may be found several arcades from the old chapter-house of the abbey and other Gothic sculptures. Scores of bits from the facades of ancient historic houses may be found inserted in the fronts of modern structures. Memorial tablets commemorate the fact that statesmen or writers lived in the houses which they adorn.

The Seine is one of the most important features in every general view of Paris. Seen from any elevation, like the Eiffel Tower, the Seine winds through Paris like a great python. The river is spanned by many bridges and is bordered on one side by spacious quays and on the other by beautiful parks. Ferry steamers ply up and down and the river is also alive with tugs and other small craft. The quays are walled with massive masonry. Everything is as though it were built to endure forever.

Viewed from any height, Paris looks like a toy model of a city. Each block of houses is complete and fills the whole space between the four streets; but in each large house is an air well varying in size with the size of the building. Looking down upon the city, these blocks of brick and stone buildings, with their red-tiled roofs in Mansard form, stand out in high relief against the well-paved, cleanly swept streets and avenues. For above all things Paris is a clean city. Its gutters are flushed every morning and its main thoroughfares are constantly

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swept, so that no dirt accumulates as in London or New York. Asphaltum and wood form the principal pavements, which on all the main streets are kept in superb order. Many of the boulevards have two or three lines of trees on each side, that form a grateful shade in the heat of summer.

As one looks down from the Eiffel Tower one of the most conspicuous objects is the gilded dome of the Invalides. Beneath it in a splendid tomb of red porphyry rest the remains of Napoleon; but the stamp of the greatest of Frenchmen has been placed upon all parts of Paris. You see the magic letter "N" on several of the bridges that span the Seine; on the two arches reared to commemorate the victories of the conqueror from his first brilliant campaign in Italy down to the Russian campaign which began so ably and ended in disaster; on the Vendome column, and on many other monuments and bits of statuary.

On the triumphal arches Napoleon proclaimed his deeds with no false modesty. Above all other rulers of France, he knew how to appeal to the national love of glory, and the proof of this may be seen in the faces of Frenchmen to-day as they read the inscriptions on these arches, which proclaim the supremacy of French arms. These sonorous proclamations by Napoleon help them to forget the feebleness of Napoleon the Little and the disasters of Metz and Sedan.

Napoleon's name is still one that fires the French heart. His tomb attracts larger crowds than any other show place in Paris. It is in the Dome des Invalides, a church in the rear of the Hotel des Invalides and the Church of St. Louis. Above all other sights in Paris this is the most truly impressive. Frenchmen and foreigners alike feel the gran-

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deur of the tomb, which is enhanced by these eloquent words from Napoleon's will: "I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well."

The tomb of Napoleon would be far more impressive had it been placed directly on the banks of the Seine, as Grant's tomb is placed on the shore of the Hudson. You pass from the Church of the Invalides through a narrow arcade, turn a corner and enter the door of a second church at the rear. But once inside you forget the meanness of the approach. Directly under a splendid dome is an open circular crypt thirty-six feet in diameter. Leaning on the marble coping one looks down upon the dark red sarcophagus, thirteen feet long and nearly fifteen feet high. Around the tomb is a mosaic pavement of beautiful design and coloring, on which are the names of eight of Napoleon's greatest battles. Encircling the crypt are twelve colossal statues in marble, representing the victories of Napoleon, and twelve marble bas-reliefs. Six trophies include sixty tattered flags captured on many battle fields.

From the dome a soft bluish light adds to the effectiveness of the scene. The design of the tomb is simple, massive and singularly solemn and impressive. Whatever may be one's opinion of the moral character of Napoleon or of his influence on France, it is impossible not to feel a genuine thrill as one looks down upon the remains of the man who for twenty years ruled Europe and made France the leading nation of the world. In the modern world he holds the same position that Cæsar held in the ancient world. Everyone pays willing tribute to the enormous ability and force of this man whose achievements will remain the marvel of the ages.

PARIS, THE CITY OF MAGNIFICENT VISTAS

In the museum of the Hotel des Invalides are many interesting souvenirs of Napoleon. Here may be seen the simple army pallet on which he slept during his campaigns; his field glasses and telescope; the old gray coat and cocked hat which endeared him to his soldiers; his swords and pistols and many beautiful presents given him by sovereigns of Europe. Here also are souvenirs of his captivity at St. Helena; his favorite armchair and the bench on which he sat in the garden of Longwood. And here is the death mask which brings out in a startling way the essentially Italian cast of Napoleon's features; the high-bridged yet delicately cut nose, the firm mouth and the strong chin. The mask reveals the enormous size of Napoleon's head measured from ear to ear. In this respect only two men of genius of modern times have equaled him—Gladstone and Carlyle.

Many documents and letters that illustrate the rapid rise of Napoleon to power and fame are also shown in these rooms, which furnish material for several hours of interesting study to anyone familiar with the great Emperor's career. Here again the popular interest in Napoleon is shown in a striking way. Every scrap of paper that pertained to the great Emperor, every article that was associated with his life, is the center of an eager throng. The souvenirs of Napoleon III as well as those of the earlier Emperors are passed by carelessly, but the magic name of the first Napoleon still has power to attract the people of France.

RICH ART TREASURES OF THE LOUVRE

TO THE average tourist Paris is always associated with the Louvre, one of the greatest collections of art in the world. To one who has not seen the big galleries in the Italian cities the Louvre is a liberal education in the art of the last four centuries, but to one who has made a careful study of the best statuary and paintings in Naples, Rome, Florence and Venice, the Louvre has very little to offer which is original. The array of bronze and marble copies of great original statues of antiquity is impressive, but these copies, though fine for educational purposes, are far inferior to the marble originals.

About the only things which are unique are the Venus of Melos and the winged Victory of Samothrace. The first is too well known by many reproductions to claim more than passing mention; and it is a fact that fine photographs of this statue are almost as satisfying as the original. The winged Victory, however, is one of the priceless treasures of Greek art that have come down to us. Though it lacks a head, it is full of life, and the free movement of the limbs and the sweep of the drapery are fine beyond the power of words to describe. The stone boat on which this statue stood was also recovered, and this gives additional interest to the Victory. Coming upon it as you go up the main



**The Tomb of Napoleon, Under the Dome of the
Church of the Invalides—the Most Impressive Sight in all Paris.
Captured Battle-Flags From Historic Fields and Colossal
Figures Symbolizing Victories, Surround the Tomb**

RICH ART TREASURES OF THE LOUVRE

staircase to the picture galleries, this bit of the noblest Greek art impresses itself upon the imagination more vividly than anything else in the miles of galleries in the Louvre.

More even than the priceless pictures in the Louvre one is impressed with the wealth of decoration lavished upon all the rooms. Here are scores of rooms with the ceilings decorated by famous artists, and the cornices painted and gilded and often made beautiful by groups of statuary. So rich and varied is this adornment that the eye becomes sated with lovely forms and harmonious colors. The handsomest room in all the Louvre, and probably the finest in the world, is the gallery of Apollo, a rectangular chamber, over two hundred feet long. The prevailing tints are bronze and gold. Every inch of ceiling, woodwork and walls is covered with decoration, while superb marble statues, bronzes and many artistic tables and cabinets add to the general richness of effect. In the center of the room, in a carefully guarded cabinet, are the crowns of Louis XV and Napoleon I, the latter an imitation of the crown of Charlemagne. In this same case are several crown jewels which were set apart when the others were sold in 1887. Among these are the Regent, one of the finest diamonds of the world, and the Mazarin. The display in this room of work in rock crystal, gold and enamel and silver repousse work is so rich that it would require a whole day to examine it adequately. The exhibits include many priceless specimens, whose beauty is enhanced by their artistic setting in rich cases.

The Louvre has a splendid equipment for the study of Italian, Flemish, Spanish and French art. An entire room is devoted to Rubens, while there are brilliant specimens of the best work of Raphael,

THE CRITIC IN THE OCCIDENT

Titian, Rembrandt, Paul Veronese, Van Dyck and other masters. In the rooms devoted to French art it is very interesting to trace the development from the classical style of David to the impressionist work of Corot, the realism of Millet and the enormously clever effects of Meissonier. What cannot fail to strike any observer of French pictures is the supreme excellence of the draughtsmen and their easy mastery of all the technical resources of their craft. This is especially noteworthy when their pictures are compared with the best work of the modern Italian artists who appear to revel in weird color effects and whose drawing is often atrociously bad.

One of the best departments of the Louvre is the Chauchet collection given by a wealthy member of the French chamber of deputies, which includes the originals of Millet's "Angelus," Meissonier's "The Return From Russia," Henner's "Reading Magdalen," and masterpieces by Corot, Daubigny, Troyon, Rosa Bonheur and others. There are few poor canvases and one spends more time profitably in these rooms than in many of the more pretentious galleries. Here also are many of the finest bronzes of Barye, master of all the sculptors of wild animals. The only collection of Barye's bronzes that approaches it may be found in the Corcoran gallery in Washington.

The Louvre has been arranged as a great educational exhibit of the art of the world, and especially on the free days, one may see how the people take advantage of this school of sculpture, painting and the applied arts. The effect of such a national exhibit is incalculable. It stimulates the artistic faculty among those who possess the genuine creative impulse, while it trains the eye and the judgment of the great mass of the people.

RICH ART TREASURES OF THE LOUVRE

Next to the Louvre the most interesting collection of statuary and paintings may be found in the Luxembourg Palace, built by Maria de Medicis. The palace is now used as the meeting place of the French Senate and in the former orangery is the museum, which contains a large number of superb specimens of the work of modern French sculptors. The paintings include masterpieces of foreign artists, among which may be mentioned Watts' "Love and Life" and Whistler's portrait of his mother. Among the great canvases by French painters may be named Bastien-Lepage's "Haying," Rosa Bonheur's "Husbandry in Nivernais," Jules Breton's "Blessing the Crops" and Bonnat's portrait of Cardinal Lavigerie. The garden of the Luxembourg is a beautiful renaissance garden with many fountains and groups of statuary.

CHURCHES AND MONUMENTS OF PARIS

OF THE churches of Paris Notre Dame appeals most strongly to the tourist, largely perhaps because it is so firmly stamped upon the popular imagination through the historical romance of Victor Hugo. It stands on an island in the Seine, and although it is surrounded by lofty buildings it impresses one by the majesty of its facade, which has three large recessed doors ornamented with statuary. Above these portals is a gallery with twenty-eight niches, containing statues of Kings of Israel and Judah. Above this gallery is a fine statue of the Virgin, while the center of the second story is filled by a great rose window, with double-pointed windows on each side. On the third story is a gallery of pointed arches, and the whole is surmounted by a balustrade with figures of animals and monsters. Two unfinished towers, each fifty-two feet in height, complete the facade. Despite the fact that the towers appear too short, the whole facade is singularly impressive because of the portals and the rose window and the richness of the decoration.

The interior of the church is noteworthy for its early Gothic construction, the beauty of the stained glass in the windows over the portals and the richness of the pulpit, which was designed by the great architect, Viollet-le-Duc. From the towers of Notre

CHURCHES AND MONUMENTS OF PARIS

Dame one commands a superb view of Paris and its suburbs. In the south tower is the great bell, weighing twelve and a half tons. All about the gallery that runs around the tower are hideous gargoyles which Victor Hugo has made memorable by his pen picture of the deadly struggle on this tower of the priest and Quasimodo, the dwarf.

At the head of the Rue Royale, which leads from the Place de la Concorde, stands the Madeleine, a church which bears a striking resemblance to a Roman temple. Napoleon designed it as a temple of glory, but it was not until 1842 that it was completed. Surrounded by a colonnade of great Corinthian columns, the niches filled with statues of thirty-four modern saints, this church has a simplicity and a majesty that is very striking. The interior, which consists of one great nave with side chapels, is the most impressive in Paris. The building, which is three hundred and fifty-four feet long, one hundred and forty-one feet wide and one hundred feet in height, has a bronze roof which is conspicuous by its green shade in any birdseye view of the French capital.

Another imposing edifice, built in imitation of the oldest building in constant use in Rome, is the Panthéon. Originally designed as a church, it has now become the tomb of many famous Frenchmen. Built in the form of a Greek cross, the dome rises to a height of three hundred and eighty-four feet. The portico consists of a great colonnade of twenty-two Corinthian columns, each eighty-two feet in height. The interior is singularly spacious and is adorned with many historical and religious paintings. In the vaults are the tombs of famous men, from Rousseau to Victor Hugo. Here also is the tomb of that first Grenadier of France, La Tour

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d'Auvergne, of whose valor such wonderful romances are related. Among the latest literary men to be buried here was Emile Zola.

Another imposing building is the Opera-house, designed by Charles Garnier, and famous as the largest theater in the world. It covers three acres and occupies an entire block. Facing a public square, the exterior is embellished with statuary and other decoration, while gilding, bronze and marbles of many colors add to the richness of the effect. One of the most picturesque features is a series of candelabra, female torch-bearers in bronze. The finest features of the interior are the grand staircase, with steps of white marble, handrail of Algerian onyx, bronze statuary as lamp supporters and magnificent ceiling frescoes, and the foyer, which is one hundred and seventy-seven feet long, forty-three feet wide and fifty-nine feet in height. The vaulting is ornamented with mosaics, and this noble room is made more splendid by huge mirrors, gilded statues and two marble chimney-pieces. The auditorium is beautifully decorated, but the colors are now faded.

It was my ill fortune to hear in this beautiful place the opera of "Romeo et Juliette" sung in the most perfunctory way. The soprano was a fine woman in face and form, but her voice was mediocre, while the tenor was so atrocious that no audience in any large American city would have tolerated him. The costumes, the scenery and the great ballet at the end of the fourth act were all superb, but it was melancholy to see this fine temple of music given over to commonplace singers.

The audience at the Grand Opera was not large, but it interested me because of the peculiarities of the French playgoer. Of the three tiers of boxes, the top ones alone were well filled. In some of the



**The Winged Victory of Samothrace, One of the Finest
Pieces of Greek Sculpture. It is the Chief Treasure of the Louvre
in Paris and Stands in the Prow of the Stone Boat
Which Was Found With the Statue**

CHURCHES AND MONUMENTS OF PARIS

lower boxes were overdressed women wearing fortunes in diamonds and pearls; in others sat white-haired men who seemed to spend most of their time between the acts in leveling their opera glasses upon attractive young women in various parts of the house. After each act those in the parquet and orchestra circles left their seats and promenaded in the galleries and the foyer, many taking drinks, ices and cakes at the large buffet. The men all carried their silk hats into the house and between the acts, with hats on their heads, they faced about and deliberately raked the boxes with their opera glasses. Two good-looking negroes in full dress suits occupied conspicuous seats in the orchestra circle.

The waits between the acts were very long and at midnight, when I left, the last act had just begun. Ladies' hats and wraps and gentlemen's overcoats are left in the dressing-rooms with women who give checks for them. You pay for a programme no matter what part of the house you may have a ticket for. Orchestra chairs about half way back from the stage are fourteen francs, but it costs a franc and a half extra to reserve seats, making the total cost of a seat a trifle over three dollars.

The most conspicuous of the public monuments of Paris are the two arches of triumph erected by Napoleon, one in the Place de Carrousel and the other in the Place d'Etoile at the end of the Champs-Élysées. The first was originally the principal entrance to the Tuileries. An imitation of the arch of Septimus Severus at Rome, this arch is too wide for its height, but it is ornamented with some fine marble reliefs representing famous victories of Napoleon. It is surmounted by a quadriga of bronze depicting the triumph of the Restoration. This took the place of the famous quadriga brought from

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St. Mark's in Venice by Napoleon, but restored to the Venetian church by the Austrian Emperor. The other triumphal arch is the largest in the world. It is one hundred and sixty-four feet high and one hundred and forty-eight feet wide, and is adorned with statuary and bas-reliefs of famous victories by Napoleon. This arch is a landmark which is visible for many miles.

Of the many monuments erected in Paris to distinguished Frenchmen, one of the finest is the Gambetta monument in the Square of the Louvre. Against a pyramid of granite is a bronze group representing Gambetta organizing the Committee of National Defense in 1870 and 1871. Decorative statues in bronze and passages from Gambetta's speeches complete the monument. Scattered about Paris, mainly in small squares and parks, are scores of bronze and granite monuments to famous men, many of them writers and artists.

SOME OF THE FAMOUS MUSEUMS OF PARIS

OF THE various museums in Paris the richest is the Cluny, which occupies the old building erected by the Benedictine abbots. It is a fine specimen of the late Gothic style which has come down from the fifteenth century with very few changes. The museum includes over eleven thousand objects, representing works of art and industry. The display of magnificent work in iron, silver, ivory and wood of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is bewildering. To this is added superb collections of tapestries, faience, enamel, musical instruments and many objects connected with royalty and the church.

Even more interesting to the American than the Cluny is the Carnavalet Museum, which illustrates the history of Paris and especially of the French Revolution. For eighteen years this house was the home of Mme. de Sevigné, whose letters to her daughter are among the classics of French literature. The many relics and prints of old Paris are extremely interesting, but what will linger long in the memory of every visitor are the letters and documents bearing on the French Revolution. Here are autograph letters of Robespierre, Marat, Mirabeau, Danton, Desmoulins, Voltaire and many others. Of all these, Voltaire in his old age wrote the clearest manuscript. Here also is the death

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warrant of Louis XVI, in which the King is referred to as Louis Capet, as well as the King's autograph order for the defenders of the Tuileries to stop firing.

Among these relics are specimens of the lettres de cachet, signed by Louis XV and Louis XVI, by means of which any courtier or favorite could secure the imprisonment of an enemy without process of law. Among the relics in one case is a copy of the Constitution of 1793, bound in human skin. There are portraits and miniatures of many famous actors in the revolution, including a fine picture of Charlotte Corday, sketched while she was on trial for killing Marat in his bath tub. In this room is the arm-chair in which Voltaire died and the snuff box carried by Marat. These relics make very real to us the actors in this great struggle for popular liberty.

Another museum of much interest to me was the house of Victor Hugo in the Place des Vosges. For fifteen years from 1833 to 1848 the author occupied the second floor of this house, which looks out upon a little square, and in these rooms have been preserved some of the furniture which he used, with many of his books and pictures and a large number of sketches made by famous artists for illustration of his books. The stairway is hung with many of these drawings by Rochegrosse, Brion, Robert-Fleury and others as well as playbills of the first performances of "Ruy Blas," "Notre Dame de Paris" and other dramas.

The drawing-room is hung with pictures, many of them suggested by Hugo's novels, and there are busts of the poet by Rodin and others. In the center of the room is a table made by Victor Hugo in Guernsey with the autographs, the pens and the inkstands of Lamartine, George Sand, Alexandre Dumas the elder, and Hugo himself. In the library

FAMOUS MUSEUMS OF PARIS

are first editions of Hugo's works with the later editions, and a large number of drawings by the poet which show that he was a very poor draftsman. On the wall are portraits of Lincoln, George Sand and the elder Dumas, given to Hugo. On the floor above are many interesting relics, the best being the simple furniture of the room on the Avenue d'Eylau where Hugo died. Here is his bed, his dressing case, his writing table, pens, inkstand and manuscript case.

Among the interesting features of Paris are the halles or markets which Zola depicts so well in one of his novels. The best time to see these markets is early in the morning, when the streets around the large building are filled with women selling vegetables, fruit and flowers. These women line the streets on each side so that it is difficult for wagons to drive between them. In the great market building everything is classified. In one avenue may be found a huge flower display, in the next fruit, in the next nuts, and so on. In one quarter poultry is being sold at auction and in another sheep and cattle. Considering the enormous business transacted, the market is very clean.

It seems to be the custom for thousands of men and women to do their own marketing, for here were scores buying provisions for the day and packing them in small baskets. It was a cold morning when my visit was made and many men and women, who had been there since midnight, were taking soup or coffee and bread. Itinerant venders with steaming pots passed through the lanes of people and dispensed refreshments. The fruit and vegetables displayed in the street looked clean and fresh, and in the stalls much artistic taste was shown, especially in the arrangement of flowers and fruit.

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One of the sights of Paris which many neglect is the cemetery of Pere-Lachaise, where rest the remains of the famous dead. From the main entrance an avenue bordered by cypress trees leads up a slight hill to the Monument to the Dead, by P. A. Bartholomé. This is carved from a single block of limestone and represents humanity pressing forward to the door of the tomb. The figures are full of pathos and, taken all in all, this seemed to me the most effective piece of sculpture in all Paris. The cemetery includes over one hundred and ten acres. It is laid out in avenues, but much of the beauty of the place is lost because of the fences that inclose so many graves and tombs.

The finest monument in the cemetery is that erected to Thiers. It consists of a large granite chapel, with massive bronze doors. One of the most popular monuments is that erected to Abelard and Héloïse. Under a Gothic canopy rest the statues of the couple whose love and misfortunes have been the theme of so many writers. In wandering through the cemetery one comes upon the graves of many famous authors, dramatists and composers, each marked by statue, bust or medallion. It is good to see the loving care with which the French people honor their men and women of genius.



PLATE XXXIII
A Characteristic View
on the French
Riviera, Showing the
Beautiful Sweep of
the Sheltered Shore
and the Rocky Head-
lands which are
Tunneled for the
Passage of the
Railroad

PLATE XXXIV
The Boulevard des
Anglais, the Main
Promenade of Nice,
with the Casino Over
the Water. Here
in the Season may be
Seen the Most Cosmo-
politan Gathering
in Europe





PLATE XXXV
In the Grounds of the
Palace of Versailles,
near Paris, the
Favorite Residence of
Louis XIV, which
Cost \$100,000,000.
The Gardens are Laid
Out in Formal Style,
but are very
Beautiful

PLATE XXXVI
 The Main Gambling
 Hall at Monte Carlo,
 Showing Four Roulette
 Tables. This Room,
 as well as the
 Others, is Superbly
 Decorated with the
 Massive Chandeliers in
 Vogue Thirty
 Years Ago





PLATE XXXVII

The Avenue
des Champs-Élysées,
Paris, which ends
in the Arc de
Triomphe, Erected to
Commemorate the
Napoleonic Victories.
This Favorite Promen-
ade is One and
One-quarter Miles
Long and is Crowded
Every Afternoon
and Evening in
the Season

PLATE XXXVIII

Church and Boulevard
of the Madeleine,
Paris. The Church,
at the Left, was begun
by Napoleon as a
Temple of Glory.

It is in Classic Style
with a Colonnade
of Massive Corinthian
Columns. The
Boulevard is Short but
is Lined with Fine
Buildings



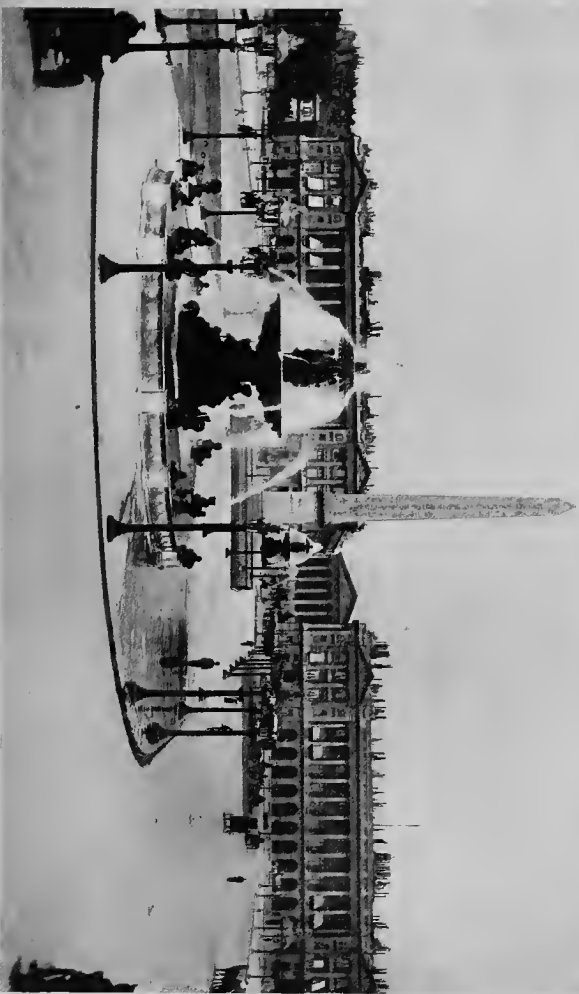


PLATE XXXIX

Place de la Concorde,
Paris, the Scene of
the Execution on
the Guillotine of Over
Twenty-eight Hun-
dred Persons, In-
cluding Louis XVI
and Marie Antoinette.
In the Center is an
Obelisk from Luxor.
In the Distance, to
the Right of the
Obelisk, May be Seen
the Front of the
Madeleine



PLATE XL

The Gallery of Apollo,
the Finest Room in
the Louvre.

It is Over Two Hun-
dred Feet Long.

The Chief Decoration
of the Vaulted Ceil-
ing is by Delacroix.

The Most Interesting
Case Contains Some
of the Crown Jewels
Including the

Regent Diamond,
Worth \$15,000,000



PLATE XLI

The Louvre and the
Tuileries Gardens,
Paris. The Louvre is
One of the World's

Great Treasure

Houses of Art and its
Collections are Ad-
mirably Arranged
for Study. Baedeker

Gives Eighty-five

Pages to it



PLATE XLII

Monument to Gambetta, in the Square of the Louvre, Paris. A Stone Column With a Bronze Group Representing Gambetta as Organizer of the National Defense in 1870-71. Decorative Statues Adorn the Sides. Above is Democracy Astride a Lion



PLATE XLIII

The Dome of the Invalides, Paris, Which Houses the Tomb of Napoleon. It Was Built as a Royal Church Where the King and His Court Could Worship

PLATE XLIV

The Death Mask of
Napoleon, Which
Shows the Prominent
but Delicately Chiseled
Nose, the Strong
Chin and the Enor-
mous Dome of
the Head





PLATE XLV
Arc de Triomphe, in
the Place de l'Etoile,
Paris, the Largest
Triumphal Arch in
the World, Erected by
Napoleon to Com-
memorate His
Victories

PLATE XLVI
 Cathedral of Notre
 Dame, Paris, a Fine
 Specimen of Early
 Gothic Architecture.
 It Derives its Chief
 Interest from
 Victor Hugo's Ro-
 mance, in which are
 many Superb Pen
 Pictures of the
 Church





PLATE XLVII

Main Staircase of the Grand Opera House, Paris, the
Largest Theatre in the World, Covering Nearly Three Acres.
This Entrance Was the Masterpiece of the Architect,
Charles Garnier

PLATE XLVIII
 The Palais Royal,
 Paris, Erected by Car-
 dinal Richelieu who
 Died There, and
 the Home of many
 French Royalties. In
 the Gardens back of
 the Palace Camille
 Desmoulins Called the
 People to Arms and
 Two Days Later
 Led Them to the
 Storming of the
 Bastille



**LONDON, SEAT OF
THE FOUNDERS OF WORLD-
WIDE EMPIRE**

LONDON, HUGE, SMOKE-BEGRIMED AND IMPRESSIVE

THE first impression that London makes is one of immensity. To the sensitive tourist it seems impossible in a short visit to see anything of this huge city, with its miles of streets and its thousands of famous buildings. This impression is heightened by the gloom due to a cloudy sky and a pall of soft coal smoke. But after the first depression the tourist sets out in systematic fashion to see what he can do in the short time at his disposal. Two weeks I spent in this task of seeing all that was most interesting in London and its environs. This labor was made more difficult by ten days of continuous rain. In any other place this rain would have discouraged me, but the spectacle of men and women going about London streets without umbrellas put me on my mettle, and after the first half day I never deferred any excursion because of showers or a genuine downpour.

To an American, London in March is not attractive, because of the gloomy skies and the pervasive coal smoke; but it impresses the most careless observer by its tremendous business activity, its massive buildings and its millions of people. London goes late to bed and rises very late. At nine in the morning more than half the shops have not opened; at ten you are lucky to find any of the responsible heads of departments at their desks.

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There are no signs anywhere outside of the Stock Exchange of the feverish rush that marks New York or Chicago; five o'clock tea is served in most of the offices; but these do not close before six-thirty or seven, and in the business day probably as much work is done as in the great American cities.

In getting a general idea of London streets the best plan is to take a seat on the top of a motor omnibus and ride through the principal avenues of business and pleasure. The motor bus is one of the great time-savers of London. It goes everywhere and its speed is far superior even to that of a good carriage. For one penny or two cents the tourist may ride about a mile and a half; for threepence he may go to the suburbs, a distance of about seven miles. Next to the motor bus in convenience is the surface tram-car, which reaches all parts of the city, but which is slower than the bus and not so pleasant, as the upper seats are glassed in.

Nothing more exhilarating can be imagined than riding for the first time on the top of a motor bus through historic streets of London, like the Strand and Fleet street, Holborn and Oxford street, Piccadilly, Park Lane and Regent street. He must be sadly lacking in imagination who cannot get a thrill as he passes Trafalgar Square, the Parliament buildings, Westminster Abbey, the Temple, the Tower and other famous places which have been familiar in his reading from childhood. The two underground railroad systems do an enormous business and many Londoners will tell you that they enjoy travel on these lines, especially on the deep tubes which Yerkes built. But the American who has any nerves cannot bring himself to fancy the tubes because of the tremendous roar made by the trains. These tubes are about sixty feet underground and

LONDON, HUGE AND IMPRESSIVE

the descent is made by an elevator. The circulation of air is good, but the roar affects the ear disastrously.

The main thing that impresses the stranger in London is the massiveness of the buildings and bridges and all public monuments. Everything, even to the private residences, looks as though made to endure forever. Wood as building material is practically unknown. In Holborn are a few old buildings with plaster fronts and battens of wood, but these were the only structures that I saw in London not built of brick or stone. Even the roofs are of tile, so that there is practically nothing for a fire to feed upon. In all the public buildings and in many of the private houses the stairways are of stone or cement and the floors are of tile or inlaid hardwood. In the finest streets, where land is very valuable, few buildings are over six stories in height. This is because the English law recognizes the right of a property owner to protect the light and air about his building. You cannot erect a skyscraper even on a valuable lot, because the owners of adjoining houses would sue you for destroying their light and air. Thus there is a uniformity in height in all public buildings which adds much to the beauty of London streets.

The city is also made picturesque by many small parks and squares and by some splendid great parks and avenues in the West End. The Thames is not so essential an element in the beauty of the city as is the Seine in Paris, but the series of embankments on one side, with the gardens and many noble buildings, make the river front singularly impressive. The river, with its many bridges and its numerous boats, suggests something of the great ocean carrying trade which has done its share in making London the greatest city of the world.

THE CRITIC IN THE OCCIDENT

The green of many small parks, squares and private gardens does much to rest the eye in London; but the city is very somber because of the deposit of soft coal smoke which blackens and corrodes marble and stone and begrimes everything which it touches. While I was in London the Daily Telegraph printed many letters suggesting remedies for the smoke nuisance. One scientist pointed out that it was the sulphuric acid that resulted from the combustion of soft coal that ruined fine buildings like Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. The acid forms a deposit that frequently hangs like stalactites on the marble cornices of great public buildings and eats into the stone. Many of the marble buildings are cleaned periodically, but this deposit may be seen best on old brick structures where it has accumulated for years. All statuary in the open air soon becomes blackened. The effect of this coal smoke on human beings cannot fail to be disastrous. In my own case the pungent reek of this smoke in the morning when fires were lighted forced me to close the hotel window. As I was out practically all day my throat and lungs were irritated from breathing the smoke-laden air and my eyes became sore and swollen. Of course, one soon gets accustomed even to such impure air, but several Americans whom I met and who were residents of London declared that they had chronic bronchitis, which only disappeared when they left the sooty atmosphere of the city behind them. It is as idle to attempt to keep clean linen in London as in Pittsburg in the old days, for a large flake of soot at any time may smudge collar or shirt front.

What impresses the American in London most strongly is the ease with which the enormous street traffic is handled. The London "bobby" or police-

LONDON, HUGE AND IMPRESSIVE

man has been praised for this, but it is due largely to the wise custom of turning to the left in driving. This rule splits traffic into two great streams, one going down the street on the left and the other coming up on the right. This simplifies greatly the problem of crossing busy thoroughfares, for the pedestrian need look in only one direction while crossing half of the street. It also makes the regulation of traffic very easy for the police officer, as in case of any sign of congestion he merely lifts his hand and stops all vehicles that are bearing down on the threatened point. It is a marvel how so many motor buses and taxis can get about the streets of London without collisions, especially as the drivers allow only an inch or two of space even when passing tram-cars. These drivers are wonderfully skillful, and in all my wandering about London I never saw a serious motor collision. Most of the accidents are due to horses slipping upon the wet pavement. The street pavements are largely of wood, the old Nicholson pavement which San Francisco tried thirty years ago and rejected because the wooden blocks warped and bulged. Much of this was due to the failure to lay a good bed of concrete under the wood. This pavement appears to endure well the tremendous traffic of London's busiest streets, and it is the ideal roadway for loaded teams, as the horses can always secure a grip with their shoes, even in wet weather.

ST. PAUL'S AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY

LONDON I saw under the evil influences of the great coal strike and of suffragette activity. The result of the smashing of many fine show windows in the West End streets was that the stores dropped their curtains at night and made the streets look like a tomb. The most disastrous result to the tourist, was that because of fear of the threats of these women many of the public buildings were closed. The British Museum shut its doors, and the only department that remained open was the reading-room. Hundreds of tourists were turned away every day from this, the chief show place in London. To secure admittance to any of the priceless collections of this museum an Embassy letter to the director was necessary. Hampton Court palace was shut, and so much red tape was necessary to get admission that few attempted it. The London newspapers, with that quiet disregard of public convenience which enrages the American, continued to print daily lists of museums and buildings open to the public, but a notice at the bottom said that owing to the suffragette activity certain of these places were closed. No attempt was made to specify the places that were shut; this labor was calmly thrown upon the reader. In the same way, when the steamer Oceana was wrecked not a single newspaper in London printed the list of the seven



The Chapel of Henry VII, the Chief Glory of Westminster Abbey, London. Note the Elaborate Carving of the Oak Choir Stalls, the Fan-tracery of the Ceiling, Which Though Executed in Stone, Seems Light and Delicate as Lace Work, and the Beautiful Windows

ST. PAUL'S AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY

passengers and twelve members of the crew who were drowned until three days after the wreck, when the steamship company furnished an official list. This list would have been the first thing that an American reporter would have secured.

London has no avenues so fine as the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs-Élysées, but the great open spaces of St. James and Hyde Parks and Kensington Gardens, with such streets as Regent street, Piccadilly, Park Lane and Hyde Park Place make very good substitutes. Here in this new West End, with the magnificent monument to Queen Victoria, are spacious avenues and broad, green fields and freedom from the smoke and grime that hurt so seriously the older quarters of the city. And here, too, in walking through Whitehall one gets his first idea of the enormous number of houses and offices needed for the army and navy and the civil service. Old buildings are now being demolished near St. James Park to provide for the massing of all these Government offices in one district.

Of all the sights in London, the American probably turns first to St. Paul's Cathedral, the city's most famous building and its greatest landmark. The Cathedral stands in a busy commercial center, and tall buildings approach it so closely that one cannot get a proper view, as of St. Peter's at Rome. Yet the structure designed by Sir Christopher Wren is impressive from whatever direction one may see it. Walking up Ludgate Hill it fills the whole end of the street, although the beauty and size of the dome cannot be appreciated except from a distance. After seeing St. Peter's, with its wealth of decoration, the interior of St. Paul's seems comparatively bare and forbidding, but a study of the splendid Gothic arches and the great rose windows will con-

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sole one for the lack of pictures and statues and gilding. The Cathedral is second only to Westminster Abbey as the resting place of England's illustrious dead. Here are monuments to Wellington, Nelson, Rodney, Napier and many others. In the crypt, which is the full size of the Cathedral, is the sarcophagus of Wellington, of porphyry on a granite base, and in the place of honor, under the dome, the black marble sarcophagus of Nelson, which was originally made for Cardinal Wolsey. The churchyard at the back of St. Paul's is surrounded by buildings which are associated with many worthies of English literature, from Shakespeare to Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith.

Next to St. Paul's naturally comes Westminster Abbey, which is singularly impressive at first entrance, but when studied proves disappointing because of the way the various monuments are huddled together and of their inartistic character. Any nation that was sensitive to bad art would clear out many of these ugly monuments erected to mediocre men and fill their places with tributes to those who deserve national recognition. As it is, fully one-half of the monuments bear the names of people of small reputation. Even in the Poets' Corner there is an enormous monument to the Duke of Argyll, while Macaulay, Thackeray and Scott are represented by simple busts. The Chapel of Henry VII is the finest in the Abbey. The choir stalls are beautifully carved and the chapel is famous for its fan-tracery ceiling, executed in stone, but so light and graceful that it looks like lacework. The Chapel of Henry V is made noteworthy by the old oak coronation chair of Edward I, in which every English monarch since his time has been crowned. The Abbey is full of interest to any one fond of Gothic

ST. PAUL'S AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY

architecture. The vistas made by nave and transepts are very beautiful and a study of the carving in the various chapels will reveal many curious features of sixteenth century decorative work.

London is full of old churches that have great historical and architectural interest. Among these may be named the old Temple Church, which still stands among the cloisters of the Inner Temple. All around it the ancient buildings are devoted to law offices and quarters for educating and housing students of law. In this old church may be heard on Sunday some of the finest music in London. Near this church is the grave of Oliver Goldsmith, and not far away in Brick Court is an old building with a medallion of the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, stating that the writer lived and died in a chamber on the second floor of the building. Thackeray also had chambers in this building at one time. The Temple cloisters and the gardens give one the idea of age more vividly than any other buildings in London. It is significant of the pious care that Englishmen take of historical places that the large gardens belonging to the Temple should have been preserved through all these years although the land is very valuable.

Down in the heart of London, off Cheapside, stands the Church of St. Mary le Bow, which is noteworthy from the fact that the Cockney or genuine Londoner is supposed to be born within sound of Bow bells, which are rung from the steeple of St. Mary's.

HISTORY SEEN IN THE TOWER OF LONDON

OF ALL the show places in London the one which appeals most strongly to the American tourist is the Tower. Doubtless this is due to the many stories told of famous prisoners who spent weary days in the gloomy chambers of the Tower. From Anne Boleyn to Lord Fraser of Lovat, the list is long and illustrious of those who were beheaded, either in the Tower itself or on the hill, which is marked to-day by a stone slab. The Tower, which is built on the shore of the Thames, consists of two lines of walls with towers at regular intervals. Beyond the outer wall is a moat, and outside of this is now a handsome garden. In the center rises the square white Tower from which floats the flag. For centuries the Tower was used as a prison and a royal residence, but for many years it has served mostly as an arsenal. The warders, or Beef Eaters, as they are called, were made familiar to Americans by Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "The Yeoman of the Guard."

Most Londoners are unfamiliar with the Tower, which gives a series of object lessons in English history more striking than any pictures or stories. Here are some of the original towers built by the Norman conqueror, and in spite of hideous efforts to modernize many of the buildings, one may get from the white Tower the best idea of Norman ar-

HISTORY SEEN IN TOWER OF LONDON

chitecture. It is a great pity that all the old towers were not preserved, but as it is, here are the relics of English history from the time of Norman William down to the middle of the eighteenth century, when the last execution took place in the Tower grounds. Originally planned as a palace and a place of defense against uprisings of the people, the Tower finally became simply a gloomy prison and torture house, where many of the greatest of England's nobility were put to a shameful death.

The Plantaganet and the Tudor kings and queens seem very near to us when we see in the Tower the actual reminders of their power and their cruelty. Henry VIII gave many heads to the block, including the wives of whom he tired very speedily. His daughter Elizabeth, who spent some of her girlhood in this gloomy tower, was almost equally industrious in lopping off the heads of those who defied her autocratic will. Here are relics of all these sovereigns, as well as of the victims of their hatred and fear. The most impressive object in the Tower is the huge Traitors' Gate, which in early days was the only means of entering the Tower from the river. The gate was always partly covered with water and the prisoners were brought up to the steps in front of the bloody Tower. The old steps which were trod by many of the most famous men and women in English history may still be seen under their modern stone facings. Another impressive sight is the stone which marks the scaffold and block on Tower Hill, above the prison, where London's thousands gathered to see illustrious victims hanged or beheaded.

It is most unfortunate that the Tower should not have been placed in the hands of real antiquarians and thus preserved for us as one of the best

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relics of Norman England. The spirit of restoration in ignorant hands has spoilt much of the beauty and value of these priceless remains of English history. Shakespeare in several of his historical plays and Scott in *The Fortunes of Nigel* and in *Peveril of the Peak* have given brief glimpses of the Tower. The touch of the great Scotch romancer adds much to our interest and serves to restore the real atmosphere of this grim place of torture and death; but the illusion is difficult to retain because of the stupid attempts at modernization which have converted many of the most interesting smaller towers into quarters for the guards, and thus closed them to the public. An ugly modern building has also been erected to provide quarters for guards and other officials. It is the same dense stupidity which has put hideous iron roofs on some of the old Franciscan Mission churches in California and white-washed their age-mellowed walls.

On entering the Tower the visitor walks through courts paved with slabs of stone, past the Traitors' Gate by which state prisoners were taken from the Thames to Wakefield Tower, where are now on exhibition the crown jewels of England. This display is remarkable, as it includes the King's crown, which contains no less than twenty-eight hundred and eighteen diamonds, three hundred pearls and other precious stones. Among the diamonds is the Cullinan. There are other crowns, solid gold scepters, beautifully decorated with gems, bracelets, spurs, spoons and other objects, all of great value. The total value of the regalia is estimated at fifteen million dollars. From the regalia one passes to the main, or White Tower, which is ninety-two feet high, with walls from twelve to fifteen feet in thickness. In going up the winding staircase built in the

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thick wall the guide shows the place where the two skeletons, supposed to be those of the unfortunate princes murdered by Richard III, were found.

On the second floor is the famous chapel of St. John, with its barrel vaulted ceiling, which experts have pronounced one of the best specimens of Norman architecture that remains in England. The other rooms on this floor contain a remarkable collection of armor, the most interesting feature of which is the series of fully armed knights on horseback ready for the tournament. The armor ranges from the early Norman, with metal sewn on leather, to the finest armor of the sixteenth century. Perhaps the most interesting suit of armor is that which belonged to Henry VIII. It is much larger than an ordinary suit and was presented to that monarch by the Emperor Maximilian. It brings history very close to you when you look upon the well worn suit of armor which belonged to the Earl of Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth.

In an adjoining room are many instruments of torture, including the thumbscrews and the rack, and a wooden block used at the beheading of Lord Lovat, the last prisoner who was executed in this way in England. The other Tower shown to visitors is the Beauchamp Tower, the middle chamber of which housed many famous state prisoners, who left inscriptions in prose and verse on its walls. Among these are some ingenious lines by John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and an inscription by Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel. Here Lady Jane Grey was confined, and on the wall may be traced I-a-n-e, supposed to represent her name. Most of the buildings of the Tower give the impression of age more vividly than any other structures in London.

A FAMOUS DEBATE IN THE COMMONS

WHETHER seen from the river or from the shore, the Parliament buildings are the most imposing in all London. Of late Gothic architecture, with two great towers, these buildings with their Tudor wealth of decoration, never weary the eye. The river frontage is nine hundred and forty feet, and this enormous length gives a certain flatness to the facade, but seen from the opposite shore this impression does not hold. The north tower, nearest to Westminster bridge, contains a clock with four dials, each twenty-three feet in diameter. The great bell, known as "Big Ben," weighs thirteen tons, and it can be heard over all London.

It is fitting that the only great Englishman to be given a place in Parliament square is Oliver Cromwell, who showed his contempt for the trappings of royalty, when he ordered the removal of the mace in the well-known words: "Remove that fools' bauble!" Cromwell, whose body was dug up from where it lay in Henry VI's chapel and thrown into a pit at Tyburn while his head was set up on Westminster Hall, now stands in heroic size with a lion at his feet in the grass plot at the entrance to the Parliament buildings. It gives an American a genuine thrill to find the great Commoner honored before kings, while the weak monarch who treated

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the Protector's body with contumely is well nigh forgotten. Cromwell's is the only statue that is seen at the entrance to the houses of Parliament. You pass it as you walk toward the magnificent Westminster Hall, now used as a vestibule to the houses of Parliament, but for centuries the palace of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman Kings. The oaken roof with heavy beams and the enormous size of the room make this the most impressive hall in London as it is the richest in historical interest.

One of the finest rooms in the Parliament buildings is the Victoria gallery, one hundred and ten feet long, through which the King passes on his way to prologue Parliament. It is very lofty, with richly decorated ceiling and lined with bronze statues of English monarchs.

Having procured an order of admission to the House of Commons from the American Embassy, you enter the hall that leads to the lobby. Visitors are admitted in parties of ten every few minutes. After passing up a winding staircase you reach a gateway, where you surrender your card and inscribe your name in a great register, with your London address, nationality and sponsor. Then you pass up another stairway to the gallery, where three rows of seats at the back of the house are reserved for visitors. Unless you are on the front row you can see only about one-half of the house, which is rectangular, with projecting galleries on three sides. On the fourth side are the seats for reporters, and behind these a gallery with a screen, which is the only place provided for women. Because of the antics of suffragettes, who chained themselves to this grating and then disturbed the proceedings of the house, only female relatives of members are now admitted. In the middle of the chamber is a

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large table, on one side of which are the ministerial benches and on the other the seats of the opposition. There are no desks and the members seem to be pretty badly crowded on long benches. On the afternoon when I visited the House about an hour was devoted to the answering of questions by members of the Government. These questions had been asked at the previous session and they were printed for the convenience of members.

Then the coal strike bill was brought forward and many members flocked in from the cloakrooms. On the Government benches were all the leaders except Winston Churchill and the Premier. Mr. Balfour stalked in and sat down, stretching out his long legs and resting on the small of his back, exactly as the caricaturists represent him. His face is florid and he looks to be in the pink of condition, presenting a marked contrast to many of his associates, who are extremely pallid. It is announced by a Government assistant secretary that the conference between the coal miners and the Government is still on, but, in case the Premier is needed to make any statement, he may be called. While several members are declaring that they prefer to have the Premier present, Mr. Asquith walks in and takes his place by the side of sharp-featured Sir Rufus Isaacs, the Attorney-General.

A hush falls on the assembly as the Premier, after a whispered conference with his lieutenants, rises and addresses the house. His face is pale and drawn, and, with his gray hair which is rapidly silvering, he presents an appearance of extreme lassitude. In a clear voice, with no hesitancy in his choice of words, he tells the House of the failure of his attempts to secure any compromise between the coal miners and the owners. He dwells on the

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unceasing labors of himself and his colleagues and his voice breaks with emotion when he speaks of his profound sorrow over the failure of negotiations which he hoped would end the disastrous strike. The House applauds with the sharp staccato "Hear! Hear!" which has almost the effect of a cheer.

Then follows an interesting debate of an hour in which opposition and labor leaders define their views. One of the clearest speakers is Mr. Bonar-Law, the opposition leader, who, while promising that no attempt will be made to check the passage of the measure, makes sharp comment on what he regards as defects of the bill. The Government secretaries rally to its support and then labor leaders like Keir-Hardie and Ramsey McDonald intervene and defend the claims of the miners. Many sharp thrusts are made, but, aside from the labor leaders, who talk like Americans, the majority of the speakers are not effective. As the discussion settles down upon minor points of the bill, I go downstairs for a glimpse of the House of Lords.

In the House of Peers, which is a lesser replica of the Commons, without the gallery, a prosy discussion was on concerning water rates in London. Lord Selborne was speaking in a way that showed he could go on indefinitely. There was a thin representation of peers and a few Bishops with big lawn sleeves. On the front bench was the Duke of Marlborough, with one arm in a sling. His thin, pallid face, with its heavy-lidded eyes and weak mouth, never changed its bored expression. A few minutes of Selborne's monotonous talk was sufficient for me, and I left the place. The lobby was full of members, who evidently regarded the proceedings as unprofitable.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND PICTURE GALLERIES

THE British Museum is one of the sights which no tourist in London can afford to ignore; but, unfortunately, when my visit was made, the authorities had closed the place to the general public because of fear of the suffragettes. Through the kindness of the first secretary of the United States Embassy, I secured a letter to the director and this gave me the entree to the museum. What interested me beyond anything else in these great collections was the Elgin marbles, which are arranged in one large room. These are the statues and bas-reliefs from the pediment and the frieze of the Parthenon which were bought by Lord Elgin, English Minister to Athens, and by him sold to the British Government. They are represented in the museum at Athens by plaster casts, but here they are seen in all their original beauty. A few of the bas-reliefs are nearly perfect and the whole collection represents Greek sculpture at its best. Whether Phidias or his pupils did this work it has never been equaled and a study of these figures of gods and goddesses, men and horses, cannot fail to give one a better idea of the perfection of Greek art.

The Greek and Roman rooms contain a number of original statues and heads which are noteworthy. The finest statue in the museum is the Demeter of Cnides, a seated figure with flowing robes, and

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with an expression of calmness and majesty that keeps her aloof from the world. It is evidently the work of Praxiteles or of one of his pupils. Next to this in its power of making us realize the attitude of the ancients toward life, is the head of Julius Cæsar, a splendid bit of revelation of character in marble. The Egyptian rooms house a collection second only to the great museum at Cairo.

The other rooms give an unequalled survey of the whole world, arranged in such form that these exhibits cling to the memory. As material for study the British Museum is the ideal place in Europe. To me there was a special charm in the long lines of cases that contain illuminated books and autographs and letters of authors and other famous people. Here are bits of manuscript by many of the famous authors of the world, private letters, and specimens of early book-making. In these long galleries one who loves literature may lose all count of time for many happy hours.

The main reading-room affords an opportunity for study which is furnished in no other city in the world. Here the student may have access to the finest working reference library in the world under conditions which make research a pleasure. The circular hall has a dome of glass and iron that is one hundred and forty feet in diameter, two feet larger than the dome of St. Peter's, and one hundred and six feet high. Here four hundred and fifty-eight readers may work, each having a folding desk, a book-shelf, pens, ink and paper. The library from which the student may draw contains over two million volumes and it is increasing at the rate of fifty thousand volumes a year.

London is rich in collections of paintings and other works of art, and if one has not seen the gal-

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leries of Italy he can get a very good idea of these from the art galleries of London. The National Gallery, housed in a great building opposite Trafalgar Square, is the most important. Here the paintings of various nations are arranged according to schools, which makes it valuable to the student of art. The most remarkable picture in the gallery is Raphael's "Madonna degli Ansdei," which was purchased by the British Government from the Duke of Marlborough for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. To my mind it stands next in coloring and composition to the "Transfiguration" in the Vatican. Of the other pictures by Italian masters the finest is "The Family of Darius at the feet of Alexander the Great," by Paul Veronese. The coloring is richer than that of any of this master's works in Florence or Venice. Flemish, German and British art is also represented by a long roll of masterpieces.

Other collections which contain many fine pictures are the Tate Gallery and the Wallace collection. In the Tate there are noteworthy collections of the work of Turner and George Frederick Watts. Here the student may have an excellent opportunity to study the paintings of the artist whom Ruskin put at the head of modern painters. It is safe to say that few will agree with Ruskin in this estimate, for Turner's work has not stood the test of time. Much of the brilliant coloring has faded and many of the devices which he adopted to produce striking effects are seen to be inartistic.

The finest picture here is "The Fighting Temeraire Towed to Her Last Berth." The best picture in the Watt's collection is "Love and Life," which is so familiar through reproductions in photographs and engravings.



**The Main Facade of Westminster Abbey, London, With the
Two Ugly Towers Built by Sir Christopher Wren. In the Square
in Front is a Monument to Those Who Fell in the Indian
Mutiny and the Crimean War**

BRITISH MUSEUM, PICTURE GALLERIES

The South Kensington Museum contains an enormous collection of works illustrating decorative and applied art. To walk through the various rooms takes more than four hours and even a superficial examination of the exhibits will consume more than an entire day.

The Wallace collection is in Hertford House, the home of the fourth Marquis Hertford, the disreputable old lord who was the original of Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne in *Vanity Fair*. The house afterward passed into the hands of Sir Richard Wallace, who gathered the art works which his widow bequeathed to the British nation. The gallery is noteworthy for its collection of French, Dutch and Flemish paintings and for its examples of French sculpture and furniture, Sevres porcelain, enamels and ivories. London has many other collections of pictures and regular exhibitions are held in the spring at the opening of the season.

A month could be spent with profit in a careful study of London and its suburbs and at the end of that time much would remain unvisited. The city is so vast and so much of English history is recorded in its streets and buildings, its monuments and its squares, that a residence of months would not exhaust its objects of interest.

LITERARY SHRINES AND HAUNTS IN LONDON

To anyone of strong literary tastes London is rich in the homes and haunts of famous English writers. Much that is mentioned in the guide-books is worthless, as it represents literary fame commercialized, or famous memorials of literary genius that are not genuine. Thus it is impossible to get any thrill from the Johnson corner in the Cheshire Cheese on the Strand, because there is no proof that the bench and the table shown for a shilling are really those used by the Doctor when he laid down the law to Goldsmith, Garrick and others. Nor does the Cock restaurant appeal to one because Tennyson wrote a rather poor poem to the "plump head waiter" there.

But what is of the deepest interest are the houses and the streets that are associated with the English writers whom we love. Thus I spent several happy hours in the Temple grounds in identifying the chamber in Brick Court where Goldsmith worked during his last years, and the staircase, which when he lay dead in the room above, was filled with weeping women whom he had helped. Across the paved court is Goldsmith's grave by the side of the Temple Church, where you may hear some of the best organ music and choir singing in London. In this same building, No. 2 Brick Court, Thackeray lived for a time before fame came to him, and in

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the neighboring Pump Court, Fielding had chambers. The only genuine relic of Shakespeare in London is old St. Olave's churchyard in Silver street. In the church, which was swept away by the great fire, Shakespeare witnessed the marriage of the young daughter of Christopher Mountjoy, a wig-maker, with whom the dramatist lived over the little shop at the corner of Silver and Monkwell streets, directly across from the churchyard. An old tavern, "The Cooper's Arms," now stands on this corner. The court records show that Shakespeare was a witness in a lawsuit brought against Mountjoy by his son-in-law to recover the dowry which he had promised to give to his daughter. This was in 1612, and this record goes far to cast doubt on the accepted fact that Shakespeare spent the last years of his life at Stratford. It is certain that he wrote in this house over Mountjoy's shop, *Othello*, *Macbeth* and *King Lear*, which makes this a literary shrine of the first importance.

Not far away down Cheapside is the site of the famous Mermaid Tavern where Shakespeare spent so many hours with Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Dekker, Raleigh and other choice spirits. This tavern lay directly on Shakespeare's way from his lodgings to Thames street, where he took boat to the Globe Theatre on Bankside. Not a stone remains of the Globe Theatre, but near by is St. Saviour's Cathedral, in the churchyard of which were buried Shakespeare's youngest brother, Edmund, a player, as well as Fletcher and Massinger. Cheapside, now given over to trade, was in Shakespeare's day the favorite haunt of writers and players, and even in the last century Keats lived in rooms in Bird-in-Hand Court, where he wrote one of his finest sonnets on Chapman's Homer.

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Anyone who loves De Quincey will always associate him with "stony-hearted" Oxford street, which witnessed the tragedy of poor Anne and his fruitless search for the girl of the underworld who saved his life by her prompt aid. *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater* are full of vivid pictures of London and with little trouble one may identify the shabby house in Green street, Soho, where the runaway boy shared cold and hunger with the poor little girl in the empty house of the disreputable lawyer. Hazlitt and Shelley also lived in Soho and their places of residence may be identified.

Chelsea is probably the district in London that will appeal most strongly to the American literary pilgrim, for a score of famous authors made this pleasant suburb their home. Chief among these was Carlyle whose home for nearly fifty years was in the simple three-story house at No. 5 Cheyne Row. This house has now been set aside as a national museum, and it is of exceptional interest because everything has been left exactly as it was in the days when the author of *The French Revolution* demonstrated here the value of plain living and high thinking. Few Londoners make the pilgrimage to Carlyle's house; most of the visitors are Americans. It is a long ride by auto bus, but the traveler is rewarded by the spectacle of this pretty village by the side of the Thames, and the quaint old house in which was written some of the most inspiring of modern English prose.

Carlyle himself described the house when he was moving in in 1834 as "eminent, antique, wainscoted to the very ceiling; broadish stair, with a massive balustrade in the old style, corniced and as thick as one's thigh; floors as thick as a rock, wood of them here and there worm-eaten, yet capable of

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cleanliness and still with thrice the strength of a modern floor." This prophecy proved true for the old floors and the staircase still remain as testimony to the honesty of the builder. The garden at the back, which in Carlyle's day looked out on pleasant fields, is now shut in by neighboring walls, but it is sunny and quiet and it brings old Carlyle nearer to you than anything in the house.

A woman care-taker shows real interest in the relics and allowed me to look at the books in the locked cases and to spend much time in these rooms whose record of tremendous work may be found in Froude's *Forty Years in London*. The dining-room in the basement contains many souvenirs of Carlyle, the most interesting of which are letters and bits of manuscript. Back of this room is the large kitchen where he and Tennyson used to sit and smoke in the evening. In the drawing-room on the street floor are many literary curiosities including the Prussian Order of Merit and Carlyle's correspondence with Goethe, Bismarck and other famous men; the offer of a baronetcy by Disraeli and Carlyle's dignified refusal; notes for many books, including a carefully written copy of the translation of Goethe's *Mason's Song*. Connecting with this room is the bedroom of Mrs. Carlyle, where she spent so many unhappy hours worrying over such imaginary woes as her husband's infatuation for the brilliant Lady Ashburton. On the floor above are Carlyle's bedroom and the spare room where Emerson slept when he made his pilgrimage to the home of the man whose work he had done so much to make known to Americans. On the top floor is the sound-proof room which Carlyle had constructed so that he could be free from all noise of the outside world. Here he wrote *Frederick The Great*, but the chamber

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proved to be so hot in summer and so cold in winter that Carlyle was forced to abandon it. One of the most interesting relics is the cast of Carlyle's hands, slender, delicate, but suggesting great muscular strength, and the cast of the head with the tremendous reach from ear to ear.

At the end of Cheyne Row is a little square, in which is a seated statue of Carlyle looking out on the river, and "the still country where at last we and our loved ones shall be together again." Nearby in Cheyne Walk are the houses where George Eliot died, and where Leigh Hunt, Rossetti, Swinburne, Meredith, Whistler and Turner lived. Whistler's house at No. 96 Cheyne Walk is noteworthy, as here he painted the fine portrait of Carlyle and the picture of his mother, his greatest works.

The houses in London which have sheltered literary genius are many, but perhaps Americans are most interested in those associated with Dickens and Thackeray. Both moved frequently, so that there is no place which speaks of them as Carlyle's house does of him. Many of the haunts of Dickens may be identified as well as the originals of places that he mentions in his books. One of these is the corner store, the original of *Old Curiosity Shop*. In Doughty street and Devonshire Square are houses in which Dickens wrote some of his best work and his novels are full of vivid descriptions of London. Thackeray's home at No. 16 Young street, Kensington, is noteworthy as the scene of the writing of *Vanity Fair*, which brought him tardy fame. He died at No. 2 Palace Green, Kensington, on Christmas Eve, and his passing saddened thousands who had learned to love him, "because his heart was tender as is the heart of a woman."

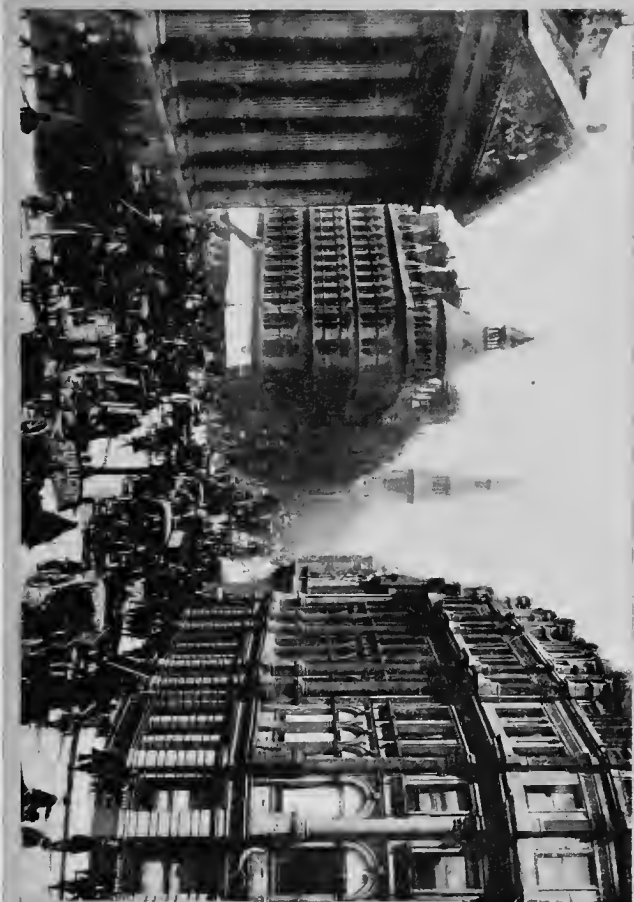


PLATE XLIX

The Mansion House and Cheapside, one of the busiest places in London. The Mansion House, on the left with Corinthian Portico, is the Official Residence of the Lord Mayor. The Square in front has the Bank of England on One Side and the Stock Exchange on the Other

PLATE L

On the Thames Embankment, London.

The Carriageway is Sixty-four Feet Wide, with a Twenty Foot Walk for

Pedestrians on the Riverside. Two Public Gardens, Adorned with Statues, Add to the Beauty of the Embankment

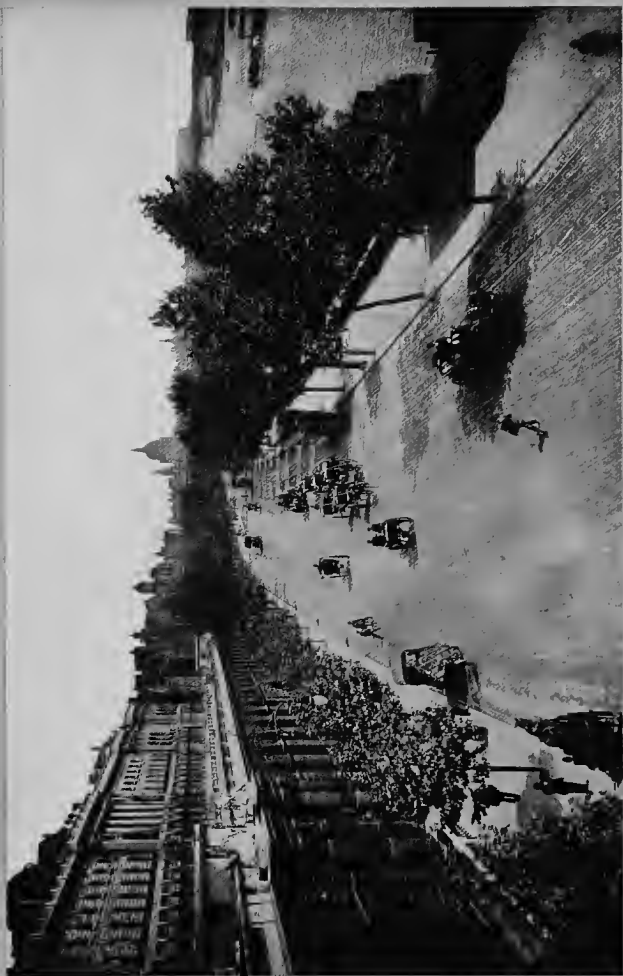




PLATE LI
The English Parliament Buildings and Westminster Bridge, London. The River Front is Nine Hundred and Forty Feet in Length; the Clock Tower (St. Stephen's) is Three Hundred and Eighteen Feet High and the Victoria Tower, From Which the Flag is Flying, is Three Hundred and Forty Feet High. In the Clock Tower is Big Ben, the Great Bell, Weighing Thirteen Tons

PLATE LII

Trafalgar Square,
London, Rostrum of
the Discontented
from Strikers to Suffra-
gettes. It is Domi-
nated by the Great
Nelson Column, One
Hundred and Forty-
five Feet in Height,
Surmounted by a
Statue of the Hero,
Seventeen Feet
High. At Each
Corner of the Pedes-
tal is a Colossal
Lion, Modeled
by Lardner





PLATE LIII
 In the British House
 of Commons.
 The Speaker Sits in
 the Big Chair Facing
 the Clerk's Table
 On Which Lies the
 Mace. To the Right
 of the Speaker Sit
 Government Members,
 the Leaders on the
 Front Bench; to the
 Left Sit the Opposition
 Members, with Lead-
 ers on the First
 Bench. Visitors
 Occupy Seats in a
 Gallery Directly Fac-
 ing the Speaker.
 Women are Admitted
 only to the Gallery
 Over the Speak-
 er's Chair

PLATE LIV

The "Old Curiosity Shop" of Dickens, Said to be the Original of the Shop Kept by Little Nell's Grandfather. Its Windows are Filled with Curios Which Tourists Purchase. This Method of Commercializing Literary Fame is Repellent; One Would Prefer to See the House with a Simple Plate on it





PLATE LV

Carlyle's House in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Here in This Plain Brick House the Author Lived From 1824 Until His Death in 1881. It is a Museum of Carlyle Relics and Manuscripts, One of the Most Interesting Places in London, Yet Most Londoners Have Never Seen It. The Majority of Visitors Are Americans



PLATE LVI
The Garden of Carlyle's House. A Sheltered,
Sunny Place, With One Old Beech Tree and Vines on the
High Brick Walls. Here Carlyle Loved to Sit
and Smoke and Think Out His Books

**NEW YORK, THE
SKY-SCRAPING MARVEL OF
THE NEW WORLD**

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK AFTER SEVEN YEARS

THE voyage across the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York was uneventful. My steamer was the Baltic which was followed by the ill-fated Titanic. Few icebergs were seen, but slow time was made through the great New Foundland fog-belt.

The first sight of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor and of the ships flying the Stars and Stripes, looks very good to the man who has scarcely seen an American flag since he left home, seven months before. Then comes that awe-inspiring skyline of New York, which is changed by every new skyscraper—a spectacle more impressive than anything that can be seen in Europe. This skyline is as rugged and looms as dark and menacing against the clear blue background as a mountain wall of the high Sierra. Each skyscraper represents a distinct peak that rises above the high tableland made by the mass of ordinary buildings, which a few years ago were regarded as lofty structures. A new and loftier peak has risen and swims into the ken of the new arrival who has not seen New York for several seasons. This is the towering Woolworth building, which rises a full twenty stories above its lofty neighbors.

Nothing in the Old World can compare for impressiveness with this skyline, which is the huge,

THE CRITIC IN THE OCCIDENT

cyclopean finger-print of commerce against the sky of the New World. It is a fitting introduction to a city which is as unique as Venice or Florence.

When one passes through the canyons of lower New York, into which the many narrow streets have been converted by cliff-like skyscrapers, it seems almost incredible that only twenty-four years ago the first of these distinctively American buildings was erected, in the face of bitter opposition and pessimistic criticism. This pioneer structure was the Tower building on Lower Broadway, erected on a lot only twenty-one and a half feet wide. The building was thirteen stories high, or about one hundred and sixty feet. The steel frame was to bear all the weight and the inclosing walls were to be only twelve inches thick. All New York was aroused over what conservative architects denounced as a dangerous innovation, which would result in serious disaster. As it happened, the architect, Bradford Lee Gilbert, was able to demonstrate the stability of his plan at the outset. A hurricane blew on the day following the completion of the steel frame. Thousands gathered to watch the fall of the new structure, but it was not disturbed. That success led to the transformation of lower New York.

Now it looks as though the skyscraper was destined to swarm over all Manhattan Island, for away up in Harlem, where only a few years ago the land was covered by the shacks of squatters, are rising huge apartment houses of fifteen and twenty stories, of the most ornate architecture, and with appointments so elaborate that the yearly rental of an apartment of eight or ten rooms amounts to twenty-five thousand dollars.

New York has scores of great edifices, some on small side streets, which are gems of architectural

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK

beauty. All along Broadway and Fifth Avenue one catches glimpses of these buildings, which are worth careful observation, as specimens of the art of adapting the styles and methods of other ages and other lands to our needs. It is the boldness and originality of the American architect in this work that will appeal to any person who has made a study of the problems of this art. There is far less of the conventional in the work of our architects than in that of English artists, and the result is that the new buildings in New York please one far more than those of London.

Henry James, after many years of absence in Europe, returned a few years ago to find New York what he called hideous, because of the skyscrapers and the encroachment of business as far up Fifth Avenue as Central Park. What he failed to take into consideration was that New York above everything else is a business city, not a city of homes like Philadelphia. Commerce is writ large on its skyscrapers, on its streets and in its subways. All other considerations have had to give way to this insistent demand for space for the great dynamos that move the business of the whole country. Yet with all this strenuous clamor for the swift and most economical transaction of trade, Henry James could have seen much beauty had his eyes not been blind to the many things that make this one of the most attractive cities in the world.

The Pennsylvania Railroad depot is a massive building which satisfies the eye. Its most striking feature is the main waiting-room, three hundred and fifteen feet long, one hundred and eight feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet high, the largest and most imposing room in the world. This room is purely ornamental, as it does not contain a

THE CRITIC IN THE OCCIDENT

single seat. Another feature of the building is the long arcade of shops, which contain everything that a traveler needs. This depot cost one hundred and thirteen million dollars. The New York Central depot cost one hundred and fifty million dollars and is the most complete railroad terminal in the world, with depressed tracks and trains run from the suburbs by electricity. Its architecture is fully as fine as that of the Pennsylvania depot.

The most striking of the new buildings in New York is the Woolworth building on Broadway, just opposite the new Municipal building. This building, which rises seven hundred and fifty feet above the street level, is the result of the profits of a score of years of the pioneer in the five and ten cent stores. With its fifty-seven stories this structure so dominates everything in the vicinity that even the huge Municipal buildings are dwarfed, and skyscrapers that a few years ago were regarded as colossal now look like pygmies. The building has twenty-eight elevators, and one whole floor is given up to a dining-club.

One of the finest of the new buildings is the Public Library, formed by the union of the Astor, the Lenox and the Free Public Libraries. It stands on Fifth avenue at Forty-second street on the lot so long occupied by the city reservoir. The architecture is noble and impressive, the interior arrangements are admirable, the mural decorations are fine and appropriate, but there is no statuary, except the two badly designed lions that guard the main entrance. Such a building abroad would have noble statues at the entrance and on every stair landing. Strip the public buildings of Rome, or Florence, or Paris of their statuary and you would rob them of the greater part of their impressiveness.

BARBARIC DISPLAY OF WEALTH ON FIFTH AVENUE

IN New York the one thing that impresses you, especially if you are fresh from the cities of the Old World, is the unlikeness of the place to any other. Here traditions of the Old World are thrown aside as useless lumber. Here for the first time we have a city which has absolutely no uniformity in any of its salient features, yet is more interesting than Paris or London, because it constantly piques curiosity and arouses wonder or antagonism. You cannot be indifferent to New York; you cannot even rest in this great human hive that is always humming with eager life. If you stay in your room the hoarse roar of the street comes up and grips you by the throat; it is useless to try to escape its compelling force. Before you know it you are out on the street and in the thick of this strenuous life that goes to your head like strong wine. You set your pace by the moving throng beside you, and it is the pace that kills. Before the day is over you are lucky if you escape blistered feet and aching limbs that make you feel as though you had taken a twenty-mile tramp over rough country.

What there is in this ardent city life that saps the vitality of the stranger is a mystery, but anyone who comes to New York from quieter places will agree with me that three days in the American

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metropolis are more exhausting than two weeks in London. Whatever the cause, it requires long residence to save one from the tendency to walk too far and too much, and to share too freely in the hustling spirit of the ever-moving crowds.

Impressive is the spectacle of the crowded streets. Here are lesser crowds than in London, but in some way these crowds suggest a more tumultuous life, a greater eagerness for work, a fiercer desire for display, a more intense existence. Here too are more striking contrasts between rich and poor than London can furnish. On Fifth avenue and Broadway colossal wealth seems to be hurled in your face; you can't escape it. In the elaborate automobile turnouts; in the extravagant costumes and the priceless jewels of the women who look at you with the cold eyes of disdain, as though they asked why any except the possessors of many millions should invade these sacred haunts of wealth; in the shops where no one of moderate means would dream of entering to buy what is reserved for the plutocrat; in the obsequiousness of all who come in contact with this class—in all these the stranger who has not seen New York for some years feels this insistent demand of great wealth that it be recognized with more honor than is given abroad to crowned heads and ancient lineage.

And yet a walk of ten minutes from this display of colossal wealth will take one to the haunts of such extreme poverty and misery as may be seen in no city of the Old World. On the East Side of New York, in the crowded tenement buildings, in the unspeakable sweat-shops, where the life of thousands is slowly sapped; in the reek and squalor of the crowded streets, where the children of the poor never have a chance for normal development of



Looking Down Lower
Broadway Toward
the Battery — Here
Literally the "Great
White Way" Under
the Glare of Hun-
dreds of Electric
Lights. The Lighted
Skyscrapers Make
This a Unique
Picture
(Copyright the Pictorial
News Co., New York)

BARBARIC DISPLAY OF WEALTH

body or mind; in the great breeding houses of vice and crime, where whole families live in a single room and then take in boarders and lodgers; in the saloons that wink their evil eyes from every corner and to which women and children are slyly admitted; in the swirl of painted harlots, plying their ancient trade openly and unashamed—in all these features of East Side tenement life in New York, one may find the gravest indictment of the luxurious life of the very rich. These never give a thought to the thousands who are swarming into this country from all parts of the earth, and who are paying for the privilege by having all that is good and pure beaten out of their lives by the mere animal struggle for existence.

If you are in New York any time during the summer or fall take a walk down through Hester, Orchard, Ludlow, Catherine and others of these tenement streets, and see with your own eyes this unspeakable misery and degradation, which is the worst indictment of our system of city government. It is not as though these people did not work. They labor like galley slaves until far into the night; they have no comforts, yet they never escape from the edge of the abyss of poverty and actual starvation. They are in the same evil state as the victims of the loan sharks: the harder they work the deeper they sink into the quick-sand of debt. It is because all the necessities of life cost them ten times as much as they cost those who are able to buy in larger quantities, and also because they have no judgment in spending their small earnings.

New York has too many fine sights to make it wise to spend very much time in the tenement quarter. Take Fifth avenue, for example, which, to me, is far more impressive than the finest residence

THE CRITIC IN THE OCCIDENT

quarter of London, because here the wealth is massed and concentrated. Park Lane and Hyde Park Place in London give one the impression of wealth that has been handed down for ages, until the present possessors are unconscious of it; but these splendid homes of great wealth are few in number, whereas, in New York there are miles of imposing houses, each of which requires the income of a multi-millionaire to keep it up. Many of these houses are flamboyant in architecture and are furnished regardless of all that is genuinely artistic; but taken in mass they have the same effect upon the beholder as the endless rows of skyscrapers in lower New York. They force upon you this idea of enormous wealth from which there is no escape.

And this impression of vast wealth is thrust upon you again on Fifth avenue on such occasions as the Easter fashion show, which, though it has now degenerated largely into a rivalry of great dress-making establishments, is still one of the spring sights of the city, which draws thousands from all parts of the country. On this noble avenue, which has now ample sidewalk space from Twenty-third street to the park at Fifty-ninth street, great crowds gather a full hour before the show. Then, when the church services are over, two lines form, one going up the avenue, the other coming down. In these lines are many brilliantly-gowned women, who probably make a braver show with their exquisitely-designed garments than real ladies would do. For most of these women are the professional models whose business it is to show off these garments in the shops, and who are selected from many thousands for their perfection of form and their grace of carriage. These things wealth cannot buy, and there is some satisfaction in the thought that the

BARBARIC DISPLAY OF WEALTH

daughters of the poor have their innings in this great function, to which otherwise they would have no admission.

Much of the charm of Fifth avenue is due, as Arnold Bennett says, to the magnificent cornices, which the architects have provided for these great retail stores that have taken the place of the palaces of millionaires. These cornices furnish a fine skyline and they serve to bring out the ornamental upper story, which is almost universal. The Italian Renaissance is the prevailing architecture of these new palaces of trade. There are infinite variations in it, but its beauty, grace and lightness seem to harmonize with the brilliant blue of the sky and the limpid clearness of the atmosphere. Clubs and hotels and the homes of many firms which are known all over the country make up this, the finest avenue in the world. A few of the old residences, which once gave the street its prestige, remain, but they are doomed. A few years will see them transformed and they will go the way of the others. The Vanderbilts still take up one entire block with the houses which were once celebrated as the finest in the city, but which are now surpassed by the homes of men who were roustabouts and miners, or brakemen on new railroads forty years ago, when the Vanderbilt houses were new.

NEW YORK'S BIG MUSEUM AND MANY PARKS

AMONG the things in New York which no one should neglect is the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park. Here is a museum designed in the ideal way as a school of art for the public. Besides paintings of all the great masters, ancient and modern, it includes a large number of characteristic works by the best American painters. George A. Hearn gave one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the income of which is applied to the purchase of paintings by living American artists. But the feature of the place which struck me as the most valuable from an educational point of view was the collection of plaster casts and models, now one of the largest in the world.

Besides plaster models of all the great works of sculpture, this collection includes models of the architectural masterpieces of Egypt, Greece, Rome and the modern world. Here are large models of the Hypostile Hall at Karnak, the Parthenon of Athens, the Pantheon of Rome, and the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. The latter especially is a wonderful reproduction of one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe. It is a liberal education in art to be able to study these models, which are large enough to enable one to appreciate all the detail of each work. The paintings are admirably arranged for study.

NEW YORK'S MUSEUM AND PARKS

New York is not rich in parks, the largest being Central Park, which has an area of eight hundred and forty acres. Although artistically laid out and kept in wonderful condition, the park lacks picturesqueness because of the general low level of the ground. There is no height from which one may get a general view; but the drives are finely arranged and the color scheme in flowers, vines and trees could not be improved upon. The finest of the new parks is the Riverside Park, on a high ridge skirting the Hudson and overlooking the Palisades and the New Jersey shore. The Riverside drive is the best in New York. It is a pity certain restrictions had not been enforced on purchasers of these building sites, as then a good landscape artist could have made this drive the noblest in the world. As it is, it is well worth careful attention as a specimen of what great wealth may accomplish in a few years.

Many of the old squares in New York are extremely picturesque. Of these the finest are Gramercy Park on the East Side, once surrounded by the homes of distinguished citizens, but now largely given over to business and manufacture; and Washington Square, which still preserves much of its old-time air. Here is the Washington Arch that is more perfect than any work of its kind in this country. Through this arch, looking north, one may get a superb view of the new Fifth avenue.

Around Central Park the feature that will impress anyone who has not seen New York in several years is the great increase in the number of colossal apartment houses. These bulk enormously against the skyline, many of them rising to twelve or fifteen stories and having hundreds of rooms, leased at rentals as lofty as their own towering roofs.

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The tremendous roar of the elevated roads in New York always stirs the gorge of the foreigner, but the American, who is more used to noise, soon becomes accustomed to it. Still, in streets like Sixth avenue and the Bowery, the overhead trains and electric surface cars, with gongs constantly sounding, do make a pandemonium during eighteen hours of the day. The subway is the greatest convenience to the visitor, as he may get aboard an express train at One Hundred and Fiftieth street and go to the Battery in about twenty minutes, a ride which used to consume over an hour. These trains stop only at long intervals and run at high speed.

But beyond any of the other sights in New York is the people, who crowd all the surface, elevated and underground cars. It is easy to distinguish the New Yorker from the stranger, and it is not difficult to pick out the visitor from the Pacific Coast, the Canadian or the people from Chicago and the Mississippi Valley, while the Southerner differs radically from all the others in dress, manners and speech. This endless tide of humanity furnishes an interesting study of racial traits.

I have merely touched on a few of the sights of New York, which make it, despite its lack of historical interest, more absorbing than any city of Europe. It differs absolutely from Rome, or Paris, or London; it is newer, cruder, if you will, but it grips you as none of these older cities does, and it lingers in the memory as something which you cannot explain. It is the greatest symbol of American material achievement, while at the same time it represents all that has been accomplished in the domain of the ideal by a people who are far more given to spiritual things than any of the nations of the Old World.



PLATE LVII

The Brooklyn Bridge,
from the East Side.

One of the Wonders
of New York, as it

was the First of
the Big Suspension

Bridges Over the
East River. Five Thou-

sand Trolley Cars a
Day Move Over it.

Over One Million
People Cross the

Bridges Daily from
New York to

Brooklyn

(Copyright by Under-
wood & Underwood,
New York)



PLATE LVIII

The Woolworth Building, New York. The Tallest Building in the World, Seven Hundred and Ninety-two Feet High, With Fifty-five Stories and Twenty-eight Elevators; the Highest Structure Except the Eiffel Tower. A Monument to American Thrift and Opportunity, as the Thirteen Million Dollars Investment is the Result of Thirty Years' Work by a Poor New York Country Clerk, Who Originated the Five and Ten Cent Stores

**(Copyright by
Underwood and Underwood,
New York)**



PLATE LIX

Main Waiting-room of
the Pennsylvania
Railroad Station in
New York — the
Largest Room in the
World, Three Hun-
dred and Fifteen Feet
Long, One Hundred
and Eight Feet Wide
and One Hundred
and Fifty Feet in
Height. It is Purely
Decorative, as there
is not a Seat in it.
The Depot Cost One
Hundred and Thir-
teen Million
Dollars



PLATE LX

Looking South on Broadway, New York,
Through the Canyon Made by Lofty Buildings; The
Singer Building With the Flagstaff

(Copyright by
Underwood and Underwood
New York)



PLATE LXI

The New York Public Library at Night. One of the Impressive New Buildings of New York, With Ample Space to Display Its Architectural Beauties from Fifth Avenue

(Copyright by
Underwood and Underwood
New York)



PLATE LXII

**Wall Street, Looking Toward Trinity Church. The Financial
Center of the New World. Trinity and Its Ground Represents Twenty
Million Dollars in Value. No. 1 Wall Street, an Eighteen Story
Building Only Twenty-eight by Thirty-two Feet is
Built on the Most Valuable Bit of Ground**

in the World

**(Copyright by
Underwood and Underwood,
New York)**



PLATE LXIII

New Municipal Building, New York. Largest Public Building
in This Country Except the Capital at Washington. Height Five
Hundred and Eighty Feet; Forty Stories; Cost Eight-

teen Million Dollars, Including the Site

(Copyright by
Underwood and Underwood,
New York)

Empire

Banker's Trust

American Surety

West Street

Singer

City Investment

Hudson Terminal

St. Paul

Park Row

Woolworth

New Municipal



PLATE LXIV
Sky-line of Lower
New York. A Stu-
pendous Mass of Sky-
scrapers, More Impos-
ing Than the Pyramids
or Karnak. This
Picture Includes the
Line From the New
Municipal Building
to the Empire, or
About Two-thirds of
This Impressive
Sky-line

APPENDIX

TIPS FOR THE TOURIST

HINTS FOR SEEING THINGS AND BUYING THINGS THAT MAY HELP THE TRAVELER

MUCH of the comfort of traveling in Europe depends upon the smallness and compactness of your baggage. If you carry even a small steamer trunk, you will wish before you get back to England that the sea had swallowed it up early in your voyage. A trunk is a constant source of worry and expense. As nothing is ever checked in Europe, you must make sure personally that this piece of baggage is on every train and boat. If you don't look after it yourself, the chances are that it will be left on dock or station platform. Every time it is moved you not only pay stiff freight charges, but tip every porter who even looks at it.

Even a woman can get all her belongings in a large suit case and a hold-all, which is a god-send to the Continental traveler. These are stowed in your compartment on every train, and it is no trouble to look after them and to point them out to the porter. Your steamer trunk you can leave in London or Paris in storage, or you can ship it to other large cities, if you are a woman and must have room for fluffy ruffles and evening gowns. But don't take your trunk on tours of France, Italy or other Continental countries, unless you have unlimited patience and money. You can buy a large leather suit case in London for ten dollars that is better than can be bought in any American city for thirty dollars. This will last, as the leather is honest and all the sewing is done by hand, and will not give way. The hold-alls have water-proof cases and they are marvels of capacity.

It is useless to carry much clothing, but some things you should never take any chance of wearing out. These are collars, shoes, and dental supplies. Every American has a special collar which fits his neck. Therefore don't sail with a small stock and trust to luck in supplying yourself abroad; you will work yourself into a dangerous rage in this quest. The same may be said of shoes. Several American shoe manufacturers do an enormous business abroad as their shoes are far superior to those made in Europe; but a man's own last and number they are sure not to keep in stock.

TIPS FOR THE TOURIST

As much of the enjoyment of travel depends upon the condition of your feet, you can't afford to take any risks with strange shoes.

In selecting steamship lines, the North German Lloyd is the surest for comfort. In crossing the Atlantic, it is always best to take the slower boats, because these are not infested with the American plutocrat, who has not recovered from the shock of sudden wealth, and his pestilent brood of spoiled children. All these undesirable Americans crowd into the newest, swiftest and most luxurious boats. You pay an extra price for berths on such boats and you get nothing in return except the opportunity to study the unspeakable manners of the insolent and uncultured rich, who devour squab and lobster à la Newberg with appetites that reveal recent training on corned beef and cabbage.

In the Mediterranean and the Orient the North German Lloyd steamers are always to be preferred, as the Italian lines are to be avoided. On one of these big German liners, everything moves like clockwork. Strains of music wake you at seven-thirty in the morning, breakfast is served promptly at eight, lunch at one and dinner at seven. The menu at all these meals is lavish in good things, with entrees and desserts at dinner, which are masterpieces of the chef's skill. Besides the regular meals there are coffee and rolls at early morning served in your room or on deck, lemonade or tea with sandwiches at eleven in the morning and at four in the afternoon, and lemonade again on deck at half past nine in the evening. An orchestra composed of members of the ship's staff discourse music on deck at four in the afternoon, and at dinner it plays a selection of good music and plays it very well. As these ships average three hundred and fifty miles a day and always sail and arrive on time, is it any wonder that they are popular with Americans?

Travel in Greece is still primitive. The trains are slow and seldom on time: in winter there is no heat. A lunch basket is a necessity as the stations furnish only the food of the country, which looks better than it tastes. The Asiatic Lloyds is the best steamer line from Italy to Greece. Don't patronize the Greek or Italian lines, or you will regret it. The boats are small and dirty, the food is poor, and the service worse.

In Italy the chief discomfort of travel to the American arises from the national objection to fresh air. In winter the stuffiness of the cars is almost unbearable. To open a window is to invite a near riot. The only way to avoid trouble is to stand in the corridor where the opening of the door gives some fresh air at intervals.

In Naples get rooms at any of the hotels along the harbor-front, near the Castel del'Ovo. If you go on the hill, you pay

TIPS FOR THE TOURIST

double price, and every time you stir out you must take a tram-car or a carriage and waste a half hour in reaching the heart of the city. The Hotel Santa Lucia was recommended to me and I found there good rooms and board at three dollars a day, with a table that it is a pleasure to recall. The chef was an artist and the maitre d'hotel arranged for something new and appetizing every day. It was like home with far more than the ordinary home comforts.

In Naples, spend as much time as possible in the museum which is one of the richest in Europe. If you are a man, don't fail to see the secret room in this museum, which will give you more light on the reason why Rome fell than all the histories. Also make two visits to Pompeii. On the first it is well to go with a Cook's party. Then go again, take your lunch, and stay all day. This is the only way to get the real spirit of the place.

In Rome the best method of absorbing the spirit of old Roman life is to attend the walking lectures. Professor L. Reynaud I found very entertaining and instructive. His lectures on the Vatican, the Forum, the Capitoline Hill, and his trips to the Appian Way, Tivoli and Hadrian's Villa were rich in instruction. His schedule of lectures may be found at any of the hotels or tourist agencies.

Don't be inveigled into an English pension in Rome. These places are usually in old, musty buildings, in noisy streets, with a common table at which your neighbor may sup his soup and eat with his knife. One of the pleasantest places in Rome is the Hotel Boston, which caters to Americans. It is on the Pincian Hill where the air is good, and you can get room and excellent board for two dollars a day.

There are many temptations to spend money in Rome, especially for jewelry and curios. Don't buy any Roman pearls unless you have the advice of an expert. Most of them are made by Tecla of Paris. Don't buy antiques unless you have an expert's advice. The Italian is a past master in manufacturing antiques. If you buy any small articles in marble or lava in Rome or other Italian cities, do not trust the dealer to pack them. As a rule the shop-keepers are very careless in packing and if you trust them, you are apt to find your statuettes without arms or noses. There are several pretentious shops near the Piazza di Spagna, which make a specialty of Roman pearls, but they are to be avoided, as they charge five or ten times the price asked for the same goods in Venice or Paris.

Naples is famous for its coral and lava work, as Rome is for its artificial pearls and its jewelry. Florence is also one of the best cities in Europe for the purchase of jewelry. The work is artistic

TIPS FOR THE TOURIST

and the prices are much more reasonable than in Rome. A place which is a favorite with Americans is Fratelli Cappini at Borgo S. Jacopo 6. This shop is across the Arno in a mean little alley. In front are the goods and directly behind are rows of benches at which are working young men and women making the jewelry. You can buy there necklaces of oxidized silver, with lapis lazuli, topaz, and other stones, for one fifth what you pay in this country. Florence is rich also in artistic articles of leather and morocco. Venice is famous for its jewelry, its lace and its work in leather. Venetian point lace is sold at about fifteen dollars a yard. Everything made in Venice has the color and aroma of the Orient.

In Paris the tourist must depend largely on Baedeker and his own special tastes. The only way to get the real feel of the Latin Quarter and of old Paris is to walk through its streets and spend time in absorbing impressions. As for buying things, Paris is a sore temptation to one who must economize to reach home.

The best way to get around London quickly is by the tubes, which are quicker than the subway in New York. The penny motor bus is a great convenience for shorter distances. London is one of the best places in Europe to buy things, especially clothing. What puzzles an American is the cheapness of furnishing goods and clothing.

Why should a London shop be able to make good shirts of zephyr with an extra pair of cuffs, for one dollar and a half each, for which an American dealer charges you four dollars and a half each? The English shirt will wear about three times as long as the American, and you are never bothered with seams ripping or buttons coming loose. You can get a suit of tweed made to order in London with an extra pair of trousers for twenty-five dollars. For a similar suit in this country you will pay from forty-five to fifty dollars.

In buying things in Europe or the Orient one must always take into consideration the duty which must be paid in New York. One hundred dollars worth of clothes and small articles are passed free of duty. But a friend of mine, who bought two small table covers in Hongkong for which she paid seventy-five cents each, was amazed when the New York inspectors insisted that these were worth five dollars apiece and charged her three dollars duty on each.

New York dazes the foreigner and it has much of this same effect upon the American who has not seen it for several years. With the "rubber neck" wagon, the auto-buses and the subway trains you can see the city very well in two or three days.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BOOKS WHICH THROW LIGHT ON THE HISTORY, ART AND PEOPLE OF EUROPEAN COUNTRIES

LITTLE can be done in this bibliography, except to indicate the books that I found most helpful. On Italian art alone, several hundred books have been written. What I have tried to do here is to mention the books that best will repay reading, before the reader sees the countries that are described in this volume. The more thoroughly you master these books, the greater will be the benefit you will derive from seeing things with your own eyes. If you read nothing but the guide books, you will gain very little from a European trip, as the guide books do not feed the imagination.

GREECE

The best general work on Greece is Mahaffy's *Rambles and Studies in Greece*. Professor Mahaffy is one of the greatest living authorities on Greek literature and archeology. He is saturated with the Greek classics, but he never displays his learning, except to illustrate a subject. His chapters on Athens, and especially his description of the Parthenon, are very fine. It will be well also to read his book, *What Have the Greeks Done for Civilization?*

An invaluable book on Greek statuary and architecture is *The Art of the Greeks*, by H. B. Walters, with many fine full-page reproductions of photographs. The British Museum has printed in large folio many plates of the Elgin marbles, with detailed descriptions of all the treasures of the collection. Another excellent work is *The Acropolis of Athens*, by Martin L. D'Ooge, which reviews all the great archeological discoveries in Greece up to 1908, with an abundance of clear illustrations from photographs. Other good books on Greece and Athens are *Studies and Sketches in Italy and Greece*, by J. A. Symonds; *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, by J. Rennell Rodd, and Robert Hichens descriptions of

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Dalmatia and Greece, illustrated by Guerin, which are appearing in Scribner's Magazine. The best short works on Greek art are Walter's *The Art of the Greeks*, and Gardiner's *Handbook of Greek Sculpture*. For one who wishes merely an outline of Greek art, the best summary is Percy Gardner's monograph of twenty-two pages in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

ITALY

So large is the collection of really good books on Italy that the most rigid selection is necessary. The one book which I found more valuable than any other is *The Ideal Italian Tour*, by Henry James Forman, a young American writer. It is sympathetic, and the author has a most picturesque touch. Next to this I should place *Roman Holidays and Others*, by William Dean Howells, full of humor and wisdom, by one of the best observers of our day. In Henry James's *Transatlantic Sketches*, and in Hawthorne's *Notes of Travel*, will be found many good things about Rome, Naples and Florence. A book that reproduces the feelings of the tourist who is fond of literature and art is *The Spell of Italy*, by Caroline Atwater Mason. John Addington Symonds' *Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece*, is valuable, as Symonds is one of the best English interpreters of the romance and beauty of Italian and Greek life and literature. For vivid description of Italian cities, especially of Venice and Florence, see Theophile Gautier's *Travels in Italy*, forming the fourth volume of his collected works, in an English translation. Here one of the greatest of modern artists in words, gives his impressions of Venice by night, and of the art and architecture of Florence. Equally skilful, but more modern is Henry James in *Italian Hours*, which has been made into a beautiful book by fine full-page illustrations in color by Joseph Pennell. Katharine Hooker in *Wayfarers in Italy*, has written one of the best appreciations of this land of art and natural beauty.

NAPLES

The most picturesque city in Italy does not seem to have been a favorite with travelers. They are fond of referring to its noises, its odors and its other repulsive traits; but its perfect harbor, its attractive heights, and its swarming street life will always linger in the memory. Howells gives several chapters to the city in *Roman Holidays and Others*, and there are good chapters devoted to the city in *Italian Lanes and Highways*, by Russell Woodward Leary, a book of clever description. Albert Osbourne devotes an appreciative chapter to Naples and its surroundings in

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Finding the Worth While in Europe: this book is of real value because it gives the results of many years of travel. *Naples, the City of Parthenope*, by Clara Erskine Clement, gives a complete history of the art and people of a city, which legend says was founded by a goddess cast upon this favored shore.

On Pompeii one of the best books is *Pompeii, Its Life and Art*, by August Mau of the German Archeological Institute of Rome. It has elaborate plans of the various houses and many good illustrations. Bulwer in *The Last Days of Pompeii*, furnishes a graphic description of the life of this old Italian pleasure city, and of the eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed it.

ROME

A large library has been written on ancient Rome and its remains. Two of the best books are *Ruins and Remains of Ancient Rome*, and *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*, by Rudolph Lanciani. These with his *Wanderings in the Roman Campagna*, give a very comprehensive sketch of the ancient city. Middleton's, *The Remains of Ancient Rome*, is readable. For the art of Rome, the best short book is *Roman Sculpture*, by Mrs. Arthur Strong, which gives reproductions of photographs of all the great statues and reliefs. *Rome*, by Esther Singleton, is a valuable book containing chapters by Maeterlinck, Crawford, Dickens, Ouida, Hawthorne, Zola, Gibbon, Hugh Macmillan and others. In all literature I know nothing so full of suggestion to one who has seen Rome as Maeterlinck's chapter in this book. It is a poet's impressions of the Eternal City. Very fine also are the chapters on the Vatican and the Palatine Hill by Zola. The monograph in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* on *Ancient Rome*, by John Henry Middleton and Henry Stuart Jones, is very complete and has numerous plans and maps. Read Byron's *Childe Harold*, for its pen-pictures of Rome. His verses on the Colosseum, the Forum, and the Apian Way are worth many readings. The scene of many of Marian Crawford's novels are laid in Rome, and this American novelist, who was half-Italian because of his long residence at Sorrento, has given in his novels many truthful pictures of Roman life and character. Especially good are *Corleone*, *Cecilia*, *The Heart of Rome*, and *Saracinesca* and its sequels.

FLORENCE

A small library of books has been written on Florence, which has been the favorite winter home of the English for twenty years. Here was the home of Robert Browning and his wife; here Mrs.

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Browning wrote her *Casa Guidi Windows* and *Aurora Leigh*, and here she died and was buried. For general sketches of Florence no book contains more vivid work than *Romola*, for George Eliot loved Florence and knew it well. For the architecture and the art of Florence no guide is better than Ruskin, although he is an extremist and one may not be able always to follow him in his great enthusiasms. Useful books are *Florentine Palaces and Their Stories*, by Janet Ross; *Florence and Some Tuscan Cities*, by Clarrissa Goff, with colored illustrations by Colonel R. C. Goff; *The Road in Tuscany*, by Maurice Hewlett, which gives charming glimpses of Florence with much out-of-the-way information. Grant Allen's *Historical Guide to Florence* will be found valuable, especially for its information on art and architecture, as well as *A Wanderer in Florence*, by E. V. Lucas.

VENICE

Of course the great book about this city is Ruskin's *The Stones of Venice*. You can get what you want out of it without going through all the volumes. The best things are about the Square of St. Mark's and the Doges' Palace. More attractive to the American reader is Howells' *Venetian Life*, which is as good as when it was written nearly fifty years ago. Howells was a Consul in those days before he became a novelist, and this book is written by one who had learned to love the Venetians and their unique city. For the Venice of the period read F. Hopkinson Smith's *Gondola Days*. He interprets Venice with the skill of an artist and he gives many charming glimpses of the days of the Republic from old writers. A small book which is of much value for its text and pictures is *Things Seen in Venice*.

PARIS

The Stones of Paris, by Benjamin Ellis Martin, gives good sketches of the history of the city and its literary characters, with a fine chapter devoted to Victor Hugo; *The By-ways of Paris*, and *Nooks and Corners of Old Paris*, by George Cain, curator of the Carnavalet Museum and one of the authorities on Old Paris, are richly illustrated; *The Color of Paris*, by members of the Goncourt Academy, is excellent for description and for the colored plates of Parisian scenes; very clever sketches of the artists' quarters may be found in *Bohemian Days in Paris*, written by W. C. Morrow, from notes by Edouard Cucuel, and with many capital sketches by this French artist. *Paris*, by Esther Singleton, is a fine volume with selections from Victor Hugo, Balzac, Hamerton, Renan, Pros-

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per Merimee, Zola, Gautier and others. E. V. Lucas' *A Wanderer in Paris*, would be valuable alone for its hints for seeing the best things in the Louvre and the other museums.

LONDON

One of the best books on London is *A Wanderer in London*, by E. V. Lucas, with many illustrations. The author keeps far from the guide book, but no one can fail to get valuable hints from his pages, especially in regard to the historical and literary features of the city. Another good book, light and sketchy, is *Three Weeks in the British Isles*, by John U. Higginbotham. *Our House and London Out of Our Windows*, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, is noteworthy for the charming and unusual views of London by Joseph Pennell, especially of the river views. Other good books are: *London Vanished and Vanishing*, by Philip Norman; *London*, by Walter Besant; *The Scenery of London*, by G. E. Milton, with pictures by Herbert M. Marshall; *In London Town*, very graphic sketches with illustrations by F. Berkeley Smith, of the theaters and the night life of Piccadilly and Leicester Square; *Bohemia in London*, by Arthur Ransome, with clever pen and ink sketches by Fred Taylor; *The Thackeray Country*, by Lewis Melville, with many pictures of the homes of the novelist and the scenes of his works; *The Dickens Country*, by Frederick G. Kilton, which does the same service for the author of *Pickwick*. *Walks in London*, by Augustus J. C. Hare, in two volumes, is as good as when it was first written forty years ago. It is rich in quotations from many authors. *London Films*, by William Dean Howells, contains charming glimpses of famous places by one who has a genius for picturesque description. Howells, more than any other of our writers, makes one feel the kinship of the American to historic shrines of London.

NEW YORK

One of the best books on the American metropolis is *The New New York*, by John C. Van Dyke, with many fine illustrations by Joseph Pennell. It sums up the enormous changes made in the city in the last twenty years. A good guide book for pictures is *The Art of the Metropolitan Museum of New York*, by David C. Preyer. Other books are: Moses King's *Handbook of New York*; F. B. Kelley's *Historical Guide to the City of New York*; *The Wayfarer in New York*, edited by E. S. Martin; *New York*, by Theodore Roosevelt; *New York Old and New*, by R. C. Wilson.

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